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THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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FOR BREAD AND WINE

THOMAS J. O'DONNELL, S.J.

In the early morning of January 12, 1910, a plain wooden casket was carried into the ivy-covered Dahlgren chapel at Georgetown. The students assembled there were witnessing the closing episode in the life of a family which was great in both Church and state. The dear old Jesuit who used to sit at his window in the Georgetown infirmary during the sudden storms on the Potomac and give conditional absolution to the crew of a floundering boat was dead. It was the funeral of Patrick F. Healy.

The story as reported by one who knew the Healys well, had begun back in the eighteen-twenties, when the Monroe Railroad and Banking Company was laying a roadbed through Bibb County, near the fast-growing township of Macon, Georgia. One day a wealthy planter of the district struck up an acquaintance with one of the Irish immigrant laborers named Michael Healy. This first casual meeting was followed by another, and then another, and by the time the acquaintance had blossomed into a real friendship, Healy was a frequent dinner guest at the big plantation house. On these occasions he noticed the quiet and well-bred attractiveness of the young slave who served at the table. From the first, he had been impressed by her genteel manner, for she was the planter's natural daughter and had been brought up in the mansion. But before very long Michael Healy realized, perhaps to his dismay, that he was in love. The early records are obscure as to quite what happened when he asked for her hand in marriage. The planter was not only willing but anxious and pleased, and it seems that he sent them to Boston, for they could not be married in Georgia. Nonetheless, they could live together there,

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Our title is from Countee Cullen's verses:

Not for myself I make this prayer,
But for this race of mine
That stretches forth from shadowed places
Dark hands for bread and wine.

and so Michael Healy with his young wife, Eliza, soon returned to Macon to open a little country store and there, along the banks of the Ocmulgee, to raise his famous family.

Although Georgia society, had it known, would have frowned heartily on such a union, God blessed it with ten children, seven sons and three daughters. Michael was thirty-four years old and his Eliza seven years younger when the first child was born on April 6, 1830. It was a boy, and they called him James Augustine. Years later, when he was a bishop, he used to remember with gratitude that his birthday was the feast of Our Lady's Motherhood.

About two weeks after James' second birthday, on April 16, 1832, his first brother was born and named Hugh Clark. Patrick Francis followed him after two more years, on February 27, 1834. When the fourth son, Alexander Sherwood, came on January 24, two years later, they noticed that he bore the physical characteristics of his mother's race.

The first daughter, Martha Ann, was born in Boston on March 9, 1838. The following year the family was back in Macon, and that September another son was born, whom they named Michael, after his father. Little Eugene came on the last day of June, in 1842, and with him sorrow visited the family for the first time. He died before that year was out.

Early Education

It was the period of "pauper education" in the South, and the little country store was doing quite well, so meanwhile the older boys had been sent North for their education. After James, presumably together with Hugh, Patrick and Sherwood, had spent several years in the Quaker schools on Long Island and in New Jersey, they all went to Worcester in the late summer of 1844 and enrolled at Holy Cross. James, perhaps the most talented of the four, helped matters along by working as a surveyor's assistant in whatever free time he had.

Although their background was Catholic, none of them had yet been baptized. This will seem less strange if we remember what a slave to bigotry Oglethorpe of Georgia had been, and that by its fundamental law the colony was forbidden to receive a Catholic within its borders. There had been little progress since the War for Independence. In the year of little Michael's birth, for example, the *Catholic Directory* gives us some idea of the religious conditions in the South: "Columbus, SS. Philip and James—Rev. James Graham. The same clergyman attends two or three times a year, Macon and its vicinity, and several stations in the western part of the state, as also the Catholics of the vicinity in Alabama, Diocese (sic) of Mobile, at the request of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier." The word "vicinity" has a very broad meaning there, and it is quite understandable that Father Graham and the Healy family did not cross paths.

And so it was not until the close of the students' retreat that first year at Holy Cross, November 18, 1844, that the four brothers were baptized by Father James Moore, and their names entered in a bible at the college. Two other students were baptized together with them that day. They were William Brownson and Henry Francis Brownson of Chelsea, Massachusetts. Their father, the well-known Orestes A. Brownson, had been received into the Church just short of a month earlier.

Holy Cross Days

After two semesters at the Prep, James was ready for Holy Cross College. Back in Macon that year, 1845, another little sister, Amanda Josephine, was born on January 9. The last girl was born on the day before Christmas Eve the year following, and was called Eliza after her mother.

The years at Holy Cross slipped by happily enough for the four brothers. They studied hard and stood well in their classes. In the warm weather they went swimming in the sand pits and on the winter holidays

SEMINARY

they held skating parties. Many a pleasant evening was spent around the fire in the room of Father George Fenwick, who in after years was to remain their closest friend and most intimate confidant. They were interested in the Brownsons too, and James often noted the policy of *Brownson's Review* in his diary. All of them were talented and well trained and kept out of trouble with little difficulty, although on at least one occasion they did run foul of the authorities. Major, the college dog, had died, and the brothers arranged an elaborate funeral for him, with sermon, burial service, and all. Perhaps they thought Major deserved a Christian burial, for the mastiff had always gone swimming in the sand pits with them and would never leave his post until every single man was out of the water. It had been the dog's unique and inveterate custom, too, never to touch a bite of dinner until after the mid-day Angelus had sounded. The funeral resulted in severe reprimands from the discipline office.

A few months before James received his bachelor's degree and foreshadowed his brilliant preaching career as valedictorian at the 1849 commencement, back in Macon another little brother had come on January 23 and was named Eugene after the child who had died in his infancy. This second Eugene, for all his innocent lovableness, was destined to cause his older brothers more worry and anxiety than any of the rest.

Adventure and Pain

The time was coming now for the older boys to begin to think about what they were to do with their lives. Hugh was definitely cut for the business world and by the turn of the century had taken a position with the firm of Manning, Ingoldsby, and Smith in New York. He was loved and respected by his employers and seemed to be at the beginning of a successful career. His father had passed on to him some of that business sense which had made the little country store so successful and, in a manly way, he had the quiet grace and charm of his mother.

James, by this time, had definitely heard the call of Christ and, although he was devoted to the Jesuits of Holy Cross, he decided that his path did not lie with them. It must have been a hard decision for him, for even in later life he looked longingly toward the Society, but never could bring himself to feel that God wanted him there. During the September after his graduation, he went to Montreal, where the Sulpician Fathers had their seminary, to begin his studies for the priesthood and, as he hoped, for the diocese of Boston. Like his birthday, the day he entered was another feast of our Lady which he always celebrated afterwards in a special way. It was the feast of her purity, September 26, 1849. It was during this year, too, that Patrick first thought of applying for admission into the Society of Jesus.

If sorrow had already come to the scattered family, it was to come again now, and more heavily than they ever could have expected. The last Christmas had left them rejoicing in the birth of the second little Eugene, but by the following Christmas day the older boys were to find themselves forced into a sudden manhood and their little brothers and sisters were to be orphans. Mrs. Healy's heart had never been strong and on May 19 of that 1850 the mother of the family was dead. The owner who had begotten her and arranged her marriage with Michael Healy because he had feared that, at his own death, she might be "sold down the river," had made a wise choice. In the twenty years of her married life she had given ten children to this husband whom she loved, and one of them was waiting to receive her, with God.[1]

[1]There is slight reason to doubt that Mrs. Healy died at this time. The above date and details are from the novice master's record of Patrick Healy's admission to the novitiate and from his own diary of 1879. Such evidence would seem to discount stories of Mrs. Healy's keeping house for James when he was a pastor in Boston, and of her causing some comment by a visit to Georgetown while Patrick was rector. However, in 1868 James, the Pastor of St. James Church, Boston, made a

At the Holy Cross commencement that spring, Patrick Healy was among the graduates. He said a fond good-bye to the "old hill" and his many friends in Worcester, and went down to New York to spend some time with Hugh. A few weeks later, on July 6, Hugh wrote from his business office to Father Fenwick, back at Holy Cross: "From Pat's conversation I am pretty well convinced that he is resolutely determined to join your Society. I have written to Father on the subject, strongly urging him to give his consent thereto. I think it will be granted. If not, what course do you advise to adopt? I sent Pat out to see St. John's College to wait for the news and reply from home, as that place will offer no inducement for him to throw up his vocation. As for Sherwood, I think we can get him into a situation. Sherwood and Pat are both now well informed of their situations in life. I saw a very intimate friend of ours from Macon yesterday and he says Father is enjoying excellent health."

Unfortunately Hugh does not add just what these "situations in life" were. It could have had nothing to do with their vocations or financial status, for neither had been settled up to this time. Sherwood was only fourteen and it is well known how late color-consciousness sometimes develops in the young. Sherwood was the most distinctly negroid of them all, and perhaps Hugh had thought it best to talk the matter out with him, to prepare him for some of the hurts that were to come.

If ever a young man loved and looked out for his younger brothers, it was Hugh Healy. His maturing care for them and their own deep devotion to him are beautiful traits that appear unmistakably in their correspondence. It was his happy privilege now to assume this role, but before many months he was to have

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trip to Smyrna aboard the clipper "Armenia." Eliza and Josephine were certainly with him, and he made the following entry in his diary under date of January 27: "Another ugly night without sleep to us. Mother is quite unwell. Josie and Eliza spent an uncomfortable day in bed."

no choice in the matter. Michael Healy's "excellent health" did not last, and by the end of August word came suddenly that he, too, was dead. Little Michael was eleven years old and ready to follow his brothers to Holy Cross. He entered that autumn but did not prove to be the student that James and Patrick had been.

Patrick himself, meanwhile, had settled the matter of his vocation and a few weeks after his father's death was received, on September 17, 1850, at the old Jesuit novitiate in Frederick.

Father Samuel Barber was the novice-master and noted in his diary that Brother Healy's health was not strong, and might even be called quite poor at times, due to a heart that was weak. Sometimes he was subject to fainting spells, infrequent, however, and not severe. Father Barber, knowing of Mrs. Healy's sudden death, sometimes worried as to whether or not this heart ailment in his young novice was hereditary and chronic. Patrick soon made manifest the sincere virtue and sensible, light-hearted holiness which were to characterize his life, although, as Father Barber again noted, neither his parents nor relatives could be called extremely pious.

Except for his physical weakness, which he never was to overcome completely, Patrick entered the novitiate well equipped for the life before him. He had finished seven years of Latin studies and had proven himself proficient in both poetry and rhetoric as well as logic, metaphysics, and natural theology. In Greek he had read in Homer, Thucydides, Demosthenes, and Sophocles. In mathematics he had finished arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry, and was at ease in almost every phase of music, both vocal and instrumental. He could speak French, too, and a little Spanish.

He told his novice-master that sometimes he had vacillated in his resolve to enter the Society, but had finally come to the novitiate because he felt that God

wanted him to be a priest and that, for his own part, he felt that in the Society he would be more happy than anywhere else.

Among the seven first-year philosophers at Frederick was his good friend of Holy Cross days, Henry Brownson, who appears, however, to have left the Society while Patrick was still a novice. Among the tertian Fathers whom Patrick met on holidays was the young Angelo Paresce, only thirty-four years old then, who became novice master on the following May 23, fifteen months before his final vows. John Early was in the tertianship too, and his sudden death some thirty years later was to shift to Patrick's shoulders the burdens of governing Georgetown.

Deep Anxieties

While Patrick was now quite happy in the chapel and the scullery at Frederick, things were not faring as well for James in the seminary at Montreal. It would soon be time for him to be called for tonsure and minor orders and many things were deeply disturbing him.

In the first place, the new diocese of Savannah had been erected during the previous year, and Francis Xavier Gartland of Dublin had been consecrated its first Bishop. Its limits included James' birthplace and, if he were to study for the Boston Diocese, as he wished to do, there was the question of an *exeat.* This brought new worries to his mind, already taxed by the family's financial situation which was becoming a real problem. In a letter of March 19, 1851, he told his beloved Fenwick that "I am sometimes in great trouble which no one understands except my confessor. Every letter from Hugh seems to add new afflictions."

James explains in this letter that the family affairs are in complete disorder. Even little Michael's tuition at Worcester has become a real problem. He adds he does not know "which way to turn."

Hugh had been trying to straighten things out as best he could, but it was a hard job for a lad of nine-

teen. Already there was trouble over the father's will and Hugh had written to Father Fenwick the previous October, only two months after his father's death: "Dear Father Fenwick, alias Dad: Without doubt you have been waiting for some news from us for some time, and with some anxiety, for you always appeared to take a deep interest in whatever concerned us. A friend of ours, Mr. Logan, the present Mayor of Macon, writes us, or rather Mr. Manning, that on inquiry he finds the will to be legal and feasible. So far Providence has most signally favored us. I would rather you would keep Michael in ignorance of Father's death, as he might tell Mike Healy of Worcester, and his people must know nothing about it if possible. We are all well and in good spirits. Keep secret as much as possible. Tell none of the boys nor teachers who are not obliged to know it by their duties."

There is more here than can be seen on the surface; just what, it has been impossible to ascertain. At any rate poor Hugh did not have to bear the burden much longer.

There are more distracting worries than money, and James had not referred to mere financial difficulties as the "great trouble which no one understands except my confessor." The simple matter of his *exeat* had brought this sensitive young seminarian deeper troubles which plunged him into the depths of despondency. Almost on the eve of his minor orders, he doubted whether the mother and father whom he had so deeply loved and respected had ever been really married. He was haunted by the obscurity of his own legitimacy. He was wondering if he could ever be ordained. He sat down on April 10, that 1851, and unburdened his soul to the one in whom the Healys confided most, their Fenwick at Holy Cross: "My *exeat* promises to be a troublesome affair, and in order to understand each other, although such things are better spoken than written, I shall show you as clearly as possible what I know of the difficulties of the case.

In the first place the Bishop promised to obtain my *exeat,* and might not relish my applying to another, after having engaged to take the matter in hand. This obstacle will be easily removed, if you speak to him as you are perhaps more acquainted with the circumstances than he or even myself. You will be obliged to obtain an *exeat* for Pat and you might obtain both at once. This is the least difficulty. In an *exeat* it is necessary to mention the marriage of the parents. My father assured me that he and mother were really married; and you assured me of the same thing. Their marriage, however, was certainly contrary to the laws of the state, and you know that some theologians contend that such a marriage is null, although this opinion is not the most general.

"Granting, however, that this is no objection, in the next place it is not at all certain that my mother was baptized; and consequently the validity of the marriage is rendered very improbable. Supposing however that she was baptized, which is by no means certain, the marriage cannot be proved unless by showing the register or at least the marriage certificate. Being against the laws of the state, it is by no means probable that the marriage was ever recorded on any public register, and I have heard nothing of any marriage certificate being found among the papers, although it may possibly be there. No great search has yet been made for it, and I should like to make the search myself, for the fact of a marriage might embarrass our claim to the property which will probably be peacefully left to us." James closes the matter with a simple but as we shall see later, quite important observation, that, if the marriage had been performed by some magistrate or parson, Bishop Gartland of Savannah would never be able to find the certificate.

Father Fenwick, who had never failed them, easily ironed out all these complexities. Certainly Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston offered no difficulties, for all concerned were his intimate friends. The Healys were to

Father Fenwick as his own sons, and the late Bishop of Boston was his brother.

George and Benedict Fenwick had entered the Society of Jesus together in 1806 when the Order had been permitted to reorganize under the superiors in Russia. Bishop Maréchal had consecrated Benedict Fenwick second Bishop of Boston on All Saints Day in 1825, the year before the Healy boys entered Holy Cross. That college had been founded by the new Bishop and placed in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. His close friend and episcopal coadjutor had been John Bernard Fitzpatrick, whose early vocation to the priesthood Bishop Fenwick had encouraged and cultivated, and whom he had placed on his staff immediately after young Fitzpatrick's ordination in Paris. In 1844 Bishop Fenwick had requested that Father Fitzpatrick be consecrated as his coadjutor, and two years later, at Fenwick's death, Bishop Fitzpatrick became the third Bishop of Boston. Quite naturally the friends of the Fenwicks were his favorite sons too. No wonder James had selected Boston for his home diocese.

Paths of Grace

And so on June 14 of that 1851, James received tonsure and minor orders in the chapel of St. Sulpice in Montreal, and on the previous day, down at St. Francis Xavier's in New York, Hugh had been sponsor at the baptism of his little brother and sisters, Josephine, six years old, Eliza a year younger, and little Eugene just two and a half.

Eliza and Josephine were sent to Canada to board with a Catholic family in Montreal, where James could keep an eye on them. Hugh gave Eugene a home with himself at his boarding house in New York, out at Bloomingdale.

On the following June 5, James received the subdiaconate at Montreal, and then sailed for France to continue his theology at the Sulpician seminary at Issy, near Paris. Another vocation was maturing about this

time much to the surprise of James at least, and he had scarcely landed on the continent when another Healy was enrolled in the Montreal Seminary. Sherwood was following his elder brother to the altar. From now on, wherever James would go, Sherwood would soon follow.

The only rift in the family concord seems to have come between Sherwood and Michael. It is impossible to determine the details of the difficulty, but it would seem to have arisen from the disparate characters of the brothers. The faculty at Holy Cross could already attest that Michael was quite recalcitrant and hot-headed for a lad of thirteen, and perhaps the new seminarian, on his part, was a bit self-righteous. At any rate shortly after Sherwood began his studies in Montreal he confided to Father Fenwick in a letter: "Mike is in Quebec. Jim sent him there, not expecting that I should ever come here." And two years later, when Sherwood was in France and no one knew, or soon would know, quite where Michael was, Sherwood suffered a qualm of conscience and wrote to Patrick: "I read your last letter to Jim in which you spoke rather harshly of me. I am not disposed to be angry with you for it, for I am convinced that I really deserve a rebuke, and I am sincerely sorry, and heartily ashamed, of my conduct towards Mike, asking the Almighty Dispenser of all things, to let me feel rather than him, the effects which my negligence of him may have produced. And I will try to remedy what cannot be undone by praying often and fervently for him, and asking etc. But notwithstanding, there were many particulars in your letter, which I could contradict, and though my conduct was very culpable, still I am not unable to give several excuses, which though they would not entirely exculpate me, yet they would induce to moderate somewhat your opinion in this matter. But enough—I confess myself in fault and beg pardon both of Mike and of all others whom I may have scandalized."

The girls were not to be outdone by their brothers in vocations, and during the summer of 1853 Martha became a postulant in the Convent of Notre Dame in Montreal. That autumn found Patrick beginning his period of teaching in Philadelphia, where old Saint Joseph's College had been opened just two years before under Father Felix Barbelin. The enrollment had already grown to a hundred and twenty-six, and Patrick was teaching third year grammar, second year French, algebra, evidences and penmanship. It was a busy time for the new master. The day at Saint Joseph's opened with Mass for the students at eight, after which classes continued until five in the evening, with a long recreation at midday. It may seem to us now a rather Spartan system. The regulations demanded that, for students, the hours of home study should be from "six to eight in the evening and from six to seven in the morning," and Father Villiger, scarcely a stern disciplinarian, had written on the first page of the school diary: "Strict silence must be observed in the corridors, no loud talking or noise will be permitted in Willing's Alley. There will be no playing in the neighborhood."

It was a happy little community which opened to Patrick just south of where Fourth Street crosses Walnut, and he found intimate as well as interesting friends there. Father Michael Tuffer, for example, who was teaching German and caring for the parish and nearby missions, had been put on Brothers' trial on the continent as a Scholastic-novice, back in 1820. When the novice master died and there was a change among superiors, an almost incredible thing happened. Brother Tuffer was forgotten. No one spoke of his Brothers' trial ending, and he did not think it was his place to do so. In 1830 he took his final vows as a temporal coadjutor, and went on about his work. In 1844 a former fellow-novice, then a Father Visitor from Rome, visited the house and discovered the oversight. And after the twenty-four years of

Brother's trial, Michael Tuffer was given *Deo Gratias* and sent to Georgetown for theology. In 1846 he took his Final Vows for the second time.

Deeper Sorrow

By the end of August of that year, 1853, Sherwood was ready to follow James to France to complete his studies with his older brother at Issy. But with his sailing deep sorrow came once again to the family.

Hugh had done his best to settle the difficulties connected with his father's will, and had found homes for his little brothers and sisters. He was young to have to bear the burdens of caring for a large family and the routine confinement of his position with the New York firm must have palled upon him, for he now adopted the habit of occasionally rowing about the New York harbor for exercise. Not being naturally too robust, several drenchings from rain storms had weakened his resistance. Hugh was deeply devoted to Sherwood and, although opposed to his going to France, when Sherwood sailed early that September, Hugh rowed out toward the vessel on which he was embarked to wave goodbye to him. It was an elder brother's last *bon voyage*. When he reached the middle of the river a steamboat struck and swamped his smaller craft. Hugh who was very much frightened and completely soaked, had lost both oars in the bargain. With great difficulty he regained the oars and succeeded in getting back to land. Patrick describes the whole incident in great detail in one of his letters. Hugh felt ill that night, and when he returned to the boarding house from business the next day he was much worse. The fever developed into typhoid and about the fifth day delirium set in. The Jesuit Father Férard was sent for and administered the last sacraments. He said afterwards that Hugh's soul had been in the best dispositions and this elder brother courageously resigned himself to his fate. It was clear that Hugh was close to death. Patrick rushed up from Phil-

adelphia to be at his bedside, but the sick man recognized him only at intervals. At these times his only care seemed to be whether the beloved Fenwick was praying for him. After two weeks of this semi-delirium, on the morning of September 17, about ten o'clock, he began to sink rapidly and within fifteen minutes died peacefully and without struggle. A slight motion of the arms had been the only indication that his young soul was passing to its God. He was twenty-one years and five months.

Patrick wept bitterly at his bedside. Sherwood received the sad news the day after his arrival at Issy. He and James, who had just returned from an enjoyable vacation, were grief stricken. James wrote back to Patrick that during the whole day he could do nothing but repeat, "Hugh is dead, Hugh is dead."

Patrick told Father Fenwick that "we buried him in the Cathedral Cemetery of New York and I much regret to say that painful incidents are connected with this part of my narrative which, however, I will omit at present. I have narrated them to Father Provincial."

Hugh had been, as his brother wrote of him, "very highly esteemed by his friends who were very few and select. They all declare him unexceptionally the most regular and exemplary young man they had ever known." To his brothers, Hugh's loss was the severest of blows.

Patrick was the eldest left in America now, and though not in a position to take charge, he was far from indifferent to the situation. Immediately after Hugh's death he traveled to Canada to console his sisters. Josephine and Eliza were taken from the private homes in which they were staying and made half-boarders in the convent of Saint John in Montreal. After a visit with Martha, who was now Sister Saint Lucy of Notre Dame, and whom he found "very happy in her choice of life," he was back in the States. However he did not return to Philadelphia but the new

Provincial, Father Stonestreet, sent him instead to Holy Cross where he could be closer to the children until James would return from France. He was teaching third and fourth year humanities, algebra, French, and penmanship again, besides being assistant student counselor, and his "brats," as he affectionately called his students, kept him a busy man. He complained that Hugh's death had left him wearied and depressed, and he longed for James' return. The estate in Georgia still remained unsettled and a source of disturbance.

Michael was with Patrick at Worcester, but little Eugene, now four years old, was still with the Protestant family in New York where Hugh had been boarding. This was an additional source of worry for Patrick and he told Father Fenwick that "I am only waiting to hear from James, to take him away from their grasp. They are exceedingly kind to him, but he will grow up a heathen if left in such a condition. Do give me some advice as to the best course to pursue. He is a fine looking, healthy and intelligent little child."

In his next letter to Issy, Patrick urged James to return as soon as he could be ordained. He also wrote to Father Fenwick, asking him to urge the same when he again communicated with France, reminding him of the veneration in which James held him, "and with how great submission he naturally looks up to you."

New Wounds

Nor were these the only cares of the young Scholastic. His change to Holy Cross had been helpful for his little brothers and sisters, but it only brought added wounds to his own sensitive nature. New England was seething with abolitionism at this time, but perhaps even the New England youth could pass quiet but cutting remarks about their young professor who had been born of a slave. It hurt Patrick more deeply than they could have known, and Father Fen-

wick, who had been moved to Frederick, was no longer there to comfort him. Patrick wrote to him on November 23, 1853: "Father, I will be candid with you. Placed in a college as I am, over boys who were well acquainted either by sight or hearing with me or my brothers, remarks are sometimes made (though not in my hearing) which wound my very heart. You know to what I refer. The anxiety of mind caused by these is very intense. I have with me a younger brother, Michael. He is obliged to go through the same ordeal. You may judge of my situation at periods. 'At periods,' I say, for thanks to God I have felt this affliction but once since my return hither. I trust that all this will wear away, though I feel, that whilst we live here, with those who have known us but too well, we shall always be subject to some such degrading misfortune. Providence seems to have decided thus. I will say no more of this now; at a future interview (if we should meet again) I will explain, if necessary, why I say so." Shortly after James received his brother's letter urging his return, he wrote that he was to be ordained to the priesthood on the following Trinity Sunday, and asked Patrick and Father Fenwick to wait until then, assuring them that thereupon he would sail for the States as soon as possible.

The year 1854 opened with matters resting very much as they had been. In France, James was rapidly approaching the day of his ordination. He still felt a longing to follow Patrick into the Society of Jesus and wrote counsel to his Jesuit brother "not to repine at labors which others would embrace with joy and exaltation, if such had been the good pleasure of God." When Patrick received the letter he wrote to Father Fenwick about his love for his own vocation, adding that "James seems to think that Heaven closed the gates of the Society to him—in every letter he speaks in this tone. What a pity that such a promising youth should be unable to read the secrets of his fervent heart."

James also wrote to Patrick of their brother who was with him at Issy: "Sherwood is doing wonders in philosophy. He is one of the soundest heads in his community and is already looked upon as one of the deepest thinkers of his course. He is as fat as butter, and I scold him so much, that he can hardly be tempted to injure his eyesight by too great an eagerness for reading."

Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston was on his way to Rome at this time, together with Father Haskins, a young convert. The Bishop had made his studies under the Sulpicians at Issy, too, and stopped there en route to Italy, promising to return on his way back to America and have a visit with his close friends, James and Sherwood.

The time was approaching for Sherwood to be tonsured. He, too, was foreshadowing his future by his more than usually keen insight into metaphysics, and had matured into a slight but handsome young man. He bore, however, the physical characteristics of his mother much more distinctly than the others. His kinky black hair, dark complexion and heavy lips betrayed him at once as an American Negro. James had suffered so much over the matter of his own tonsure that he naturally wished to spare Sherwood the same difficulties, and seeing a solution in Bishop Fitzpatrick's proposed visit, he wrote to Patrick that March: "He (Sherwood) will don his cassock in a week or two. I have not spoken of it to anyone, but intend to get the Bishop of Boston to tonsure him on his return from Rome to escape useless questions." Several days later Sherwood himself wrote to Patrick at Holy Cross to inform him that: "The Bishop and Father Haskins passed by here a few days ago on their way to Rome. I suppose you know that I am for Boston if there is any chance of my living there as a priest; if such is not the case, I will look towards some order. Will it be yours? We'll see."

Fortunately for himself Sherwood, like Patrick, was

gifted with a sense of humor which enabled him to take such things in stride, and in the same letter he informed Patrick: "To tell you that I am content would not be telling you enough. I can say with all sincerity and without the least exaggeration that I am happy, yes, very happy. I hope you can say as much for yourself." He added, perhaps with a smile, that after ordination James would begin to think about getting started for the States, but not to expect him before the end of the summer.

Jesuit Kidnapper

Meanwhile the young Jesuit had received his older brother's answer to his apprehensions about having Eugene grow up in that Protestant family. Eugene was now at the impressionable age of five and James agreed heartily with Patrick's sentiments on the matter. They both felt that it shouldn't be neglected until James' return, so Patrick decided to act at once. It wasn't a simple undertaking, as Patrick describes it in a letter to Father Fenwick: "I left here on Thursday night. The next morning I arrived at the enemy's camp. Fortunately they had not received my letter, in which I had requested them to hold him (Eugene) in readiness. Before they became aware of the object of my visit, smiles greeted me on every side. It did not take me long to discover that they were ignorant of my intentions. I resolved, therefore, to poise the egg forthwith. I spoke and lo! how changed the scene! Tears fell fast, obstacles unforeseen arose—he has no suitable clothes. 'Mother is not justly treated,' say the daughters. 'Mr. Manning ought to have more respect for our feelings,' says the mother, and so on. Such were the cries, uttered in no very harmonious voice, which grated on my music-toned ears. The hardhearted Jesuit remains unmoved. Finally, seeing that my determination was fixed, the mother obstinately refused to let him go unless her bill against Hugh was paid

down on the spot. I must here make a slight digression. The bill in question was that of Hugh's illness. He was sick four weeks in their house. The charge was $150. Said $150 Mr. Manning had not as yet paid, not having been appointed administrator until about a week previous to my arrival. As soon as I heard this blunt refusal, I posted into the city, obtained a promise from Mr. Manning to have it paid as soon as called for and again hurried back to Bloomingdale. The child, however, was not to be found. But I was too cunning for them. I had watched their motions and observed them taking the little boy to school. I started instantly for the school and again I was defeated—a person had been dispatched by a nearer route to secret the child. When I arrived there he was gone. I induced the Mistress (one of the daughters) to return to the house with me. They were all very cool—the old lady was said to have started for the city to receive the payment. I offered to go into the city with the lady and the child, and to return the child, if she were not paid. 'No!' The sons returned from the city. Even force could not avail me. Again I posted to the city and brought out my guardian. After much persuasion and sundry threats, they allowed me to convey the child. I started for Worcester the next morning and on Tuesday next conveyed him to Roxbury where I placed him under the charge of Mrs. Johnston, the wife of the artist who formerly resided in the Bishop's house in Boston. The little boy cried heartily to return but it was no go. Don't you think this quite a newspaper adventure? The wind carried off three of our chimneys about a fortnight ago, together with the roof of our ice house."

Ebb and Flow

Spring came to Paris in 1854. On the morning of June 10 Archbishop Sibour imposed his consecrating hands upon the bowed head of a happy young man. It was Trinity Sunday and James Augustine Healy was a priest of God. A short time afterwards he said good-

bye to Sherwood, who was busy with his last year of philosophy, and took passage for the United States. James had been happy in France and would have liked to remain there. He knew of no place in the world which pleased him more than St. Sulpice, but he was needed at home.

Father Fenwick was waiting to see him and anxious to help him settle happily in America. Some weeks before he had written to Patrick, asking him: "Why don't you get Fr. Ciampi to arrange it so that Jim should spend a year or more if he chooses at Worcester and help you in teaching the young idea how to shoot? For it would seem to me that Father Stonestreet will have no small difficulty to supply the several institutions the next scholastic year. Were Jim there he would be the support of the school." This plan, however, did not materialize, and when James arrived in Boston he sought out Father Haskins, the friend he had met with Bishop Fitzpatrick in France.

George Haskins, after his graduation from Harvard, had been ordained to the Episcopal ministry in 1830. As chaplain of the Boston Reformatory he met Father William Wiley, a convert who had learned his theology from the lips of Bishop Benedict Fenwick in the latter's house. George Haskins, too, was converted and became a Catholic in Father Wiley's home in November 1840. In 1844 he was ordained at St. Sulpice in France and two years later, in Boston, he founded the "House of the Angel Guardian for Wayward Boys." He was giving his life to this great work of charity, and it was to Father Haskins that James now turned. He took up residence with him in the little house down at 2 North Square, and the two men found a firm bond of congeniality between them. A short time after his arrival James wrote to Father Fenwick: "Contrary to my expectations of some time past, I find myself, once more, in America, and decidedly fixed, at least for the present. What time may bring about, I cannot tell, but I don't think I shall ever realize your predictions. In any case, since then I shall be only an out-

sider, it remains for me to requite my poor gratitude and, if ever the opportunity should present itself, by my little services, the debt of good deeds which I am proud to acknowledge towards your illustrious order, and above all towards you, my ever kind Father and excellent professor. Wherever I have been, my conduct, thank God, has not been such as to disgrace either myself or my former instructors and if, in my wanderings I have acquired many warm and zealous friends, next to the blessing of God, I attribute it to the excellent teachings received at Holy Cross."

James had been very young when he went to France, and it was a changed Boston to which the young priest returned. Many of his old friends had died and he told Father Fenwick that finding him still alive was one of the blessings of a kind Providence which he had dared not hope for. Worst of all, Hugh was gone, and during those first few weeks back home James wrote of him: "Poor fellow, his death was the severest stroke that ever befell me. We had grown up together and all our lifetime had been so cordially united in our dispositions and sentiments, it is only now that I begin to realize his death. When I left America, I thought to precede him to the other world, but I am still living,—oh! may it be for God's greater glory!"

The little brother whom he had left at Holy Cross had grown to be a lad of fifteen with a quite violent temper and a propensity for being anywhere except where he was supposed to be. Already Michael had decided once that he had stomached about all the Latin and Greek he could stand and concluded that it would be much more fun to take to his heels. But he didn't really go through with it the first time and showed signs of repentance. Now that James was back in Boston, Michael was the first problem to be solved. He decided that since France had done himself and Sherwood so much good, maybe a little of the same wouldn't hurt Michael. Certainly he had not shown any great promise thus far, but seemed willing to study in

real earnest now. His elder brothers wanted to give him a fair chance, so that autumn Michael was packed off to a *petit séminaire* in France. It was not, as James observed, "to make a priest of him, but to give him a chance to redeem his lost time and character."

That was the initial mistake. *Caelum non animam mutant, qui trans mare currunt,* and the young voyager did not exactly fall in with his brothers' hopes. If he had been unable to hold himself down to Holy Cross, it is easily imagined how he felt about a French *petit séminaire.* Out of his guardian's reach, before long young Michael had taken passage as a cabin boy and was sailing the seven seas.

Meanwhile the new priest had other things to distract him. The "dread white horseman" rode through Boston that late Summer, and from Father Haskins' little parish house James went forth in his wake. Armed with the holy oils and carrying the Blessed Sacrament he visited victim after victim as the cholera spread through the city. The disease never touched him, but to plunge into such a sea of suffering so early depressed him. He wrote to Father Fenwick that he had seen more poverty during this short time than ever before in his life.

Father Thomas Mulledy, who was dean and spiritual father at Worcester, felt that James had a predisposition to the blues. It is true that he was not strong. There was suspicion of heart trouble, as with Patrick, and the young priest was constantly expecting an early death. In France he had not expected to live until his ordination day, and now he wrote to Father Fenwick from Boston: "I am well satisfied in all respects and only hope that your prediction of my death before reaching my twenty-sixth year may prove exactly true. I am willing to labor as long as I can, but I think that he who gets out of such responsibilities as those which weigh upon us, soonest and safest, is the happiest of men.

"Now you will think me downhearted, but you are mistaken. I am as gay and light of heart as ever I

was, but I envy (pardon the word) the lot of those who die young and innocent, and often ask them to pray for an early and happy death for me."

Bishop Fitzpatrick told James that he was to move to the Cathedral as soon as a room could be prepared for him in the new episcopal residence. It was pleasant news despite his fears as to whether he had health and strength for the new position, and he wrote: "I am to be secretary and perhaps will have charge of St. Vincent's Church, though I am afraid of such a burden, not only on account of the responsibility but on account of my health which I think will be broken down by the duties attendant upon that charge."

Even now he had overtaxed his throat with too much preaching and he felt that his reserve was very low. As he prepared to take up this quite important position in the Bishop's household he wrote to his devoted friend and kind father at the Jesuit novitiate in Frederick: "Could you not obtain for me strength of throat, but much rather strength of soul, from our Lady of the Novitiate. I would be eternally grateful to her that gave it, and to you who obtained it. If that makes you laugh, you must nevertheless not forget to pray for me, that I may be able to fulfill nothing else but the adorable will of Almighty God. I beg you to recommend me to the prayers of all those of the Society whom I have known and who happen to be near you, and for yourself I am sure you will not forget to pray for your old pupil in Jesus Christ."

The previous plans for Sherwood's early tonsure had not worked out, and he received the order that Christmas over in Paris. He was studying theology now, and during the winter and the following spring of 1855, he suffered a great deal from constant ill health. The malady was not yet a cause for real worry but later he was to develop a swift and fatal tuberculosis.

Patrick had not been well either and James persuaded him to take a short trip and visit Sister Saint Lucy and his little sisters in Montreal. He found

Martha quite happy, "a content and promising young novice" and "the tallest nun in the community." Patrick was soon back to Worcester and his teaching at Holy Cross, and he wished that Father Fenwick could look in and laugh at what he called the "Babel-like confusion" of his morning class, with four Americans, two Canadians, one Irishman, and, as he said, "two unsophisticated Cubans and one *grand Canuque*."

James's health did not break under his new duties. On the contrary it began to improve and he put on weight. Each Sunday he celebrated two Masses and preached at both of them, and sang Vespers in the evening. The number of his penitents, always increasing, was testimony to his kindness and skill in the confessional, and he was rapidly becoming the most popular preacher in Boston.

In fact he was a little too popular in some eyes for his own liking, as he himself wrote that spring to his old professor of Holy Cross days, who had been chiding him: "I am still at the Cathedral, much to the satisfaction of some young lady, as would appear from the citation in your letter. It is all gas. I write my sermons, but neither read nor commit them to memory. I *talk* simply and to the point, follow a regular and clear plan, and if she thinks it is *so, so charming,* I wish her joy of it. I do not know who she is, nor do I care to know."

But with all this popularity, the young Cathedral preacher, of whom one of his parishioners later said, "He was a colored man and I remember it was quite well known and talked about," wrote to Father Fenwick at this time: "If I could have been as safe elsewhere as here, I should have desired never to show my face in Boston." He did not bother to add, as Patrick had done, "with those who have known us but too well."

Patrick almost adored his priestly brother. James often went over to Worcester to see him, and wrote to their mutual friend in Frederick of how admirably he seemed to succeed in his different positions, adding that he was "extremely well liked by the students, but

at the same time vigilant with regard to discipline. And Patrick did not hesitate to poke fun at his elder brother when, as he said, "People will persist in asking him how much older I am than he; of course this is galling to one of such beardless prospects."

Early Fruitions

Bishop Fitzpatrick, too, was well pleased with his new curate and secretary, and by the autumn of that 1855 had relieved him of parish duties to appoint him the first chancellor of the Boston Diocese.

Martha had finished her novitiate days and on September 15 was professed at Notre Dame in Montreal. Patrick, still in the interminable regency, felt that after five years in the Society it was time to think of the renunciation of his property, but the affairs in Georgia were still too unsettled. As usual he put the whole matter into the hands of James and Father Fenwick, asking the latter to advise what course to take. "I wish to do all things as they should be done. Teach me!"

Sherwood, meanwhile, had decided that he would like to finish his theology and be ordained in the Eternal City. He had written to James and asked his permission to go down to Rome, and James, of course, had graciously agreed.

Both for Sherwood in Rome, and for his brothers, the next few years slipped uneventfully by. James preached and attended to the chancery. Patrick said he worked "like a major" and rendered himself quite a favorite by his assiduity and fervor. "He has the reputation of being the most satisfactory preacher among the clergy in Boston. His style is quite simple and pious." Patrick himself was obscurely busy at Holy Cross. In Christmas week of 1856 he almost lost his life, rescuing a young man who had fallen through the ice. He loved skating. James sent him a fine new pair of blades and some fatherly advice, and Patrick wrote to Father Fenwick: "Yesterday I received a very pious note from James (and he is becoming very much so

nowadays) in which he gave me some very salutary advice and made the proposal of commencing a new and more perfect life for the new year. The proposal is made in all sincerity and I shall endeavor to live up to it. James desires that I should become a real Jesuit, such as he has met with; a man of interior spirit, of deep religious feelings, a model and leader of souls to God. You must pray that this wish may be verified." And his brother's wish was verified, in the long and holy life of Patrick Healy.

By the Spring of 1859 there was another Father Healy in Boston. Sherwood had been ordained in Rome on the previous December 18 and had sailed for New England, to see whether he could "live in Boston as a priest." Sherwood had followed James to Holy Cross, to Canada, and then to France; and now back in America, Father Haskins was the first to whom Sherwood turned.

The results of George Haskins' great work of charity had outgrown the little house on North Square and during the previous year he had purchased land on Vernon Street in Roxbury, to erect the new House of the Angel Guardian there. He, personally, was governing and directing the new institution, which found in this zealous convert its soul and inspiration. But his zeal was not limited to this project of his heart. He still remained the father and pastor of North End Boston, and when he understood that the people out at Roxbury needed a church too, he opened to them the chapel of his reformatory. When Sherwood came to Vernon Street, Father Haskins put him in charge of this chapel-parish, and found in him an able and zealous co-worker. Immediately Sherwood was a favorite, but the people of the parish could not help remarking the distinctly negroid appearance of the young and talented curate, and Bishop Fitzpatrick wrote to Archbishop Hughes on July 10 that year, praising the new Father Alexander Sherwood Healy, and adding significantly, "He has African blood in his veins and it shews (sic) directly in his exterior."

Sherwood did not stay long at Roxbury. By the time the last services had been held in the Old Franklin Street Cathedral on September 16, 1860, and the Melodeon on Washington Street had been rented until a new structure could be built, James was not only Chancellor, but also Rector of the Cathedral (or should we say, of the Melodeon). It was not long before Sherwood, as a member of the staff, was living with him at the South Street residence. Meanwhile Patrick had finished his teaching at Holy Cross and had sailed from America. After a long stop-over at Rome, he proceeded to Louvain in Belgium, to prepare for his priesthood by studies in theology. Father Fenwick had not been there to welcome Sherwood home or to bid "God-speed" to Patrick. He had died in the winter of 1857 and was buried at Georgetown.

The year 1863 was the appointed time for Sister Saint Lucy at Montreal to pronounce her final vows in the Congregation of Notre Dame. But though her noviceship had been so happy and promising and her religious life so successful, still she did not feel that God had called her to the perpetual vows. She left the convent, once more to become Martha Ann Healy, now of West Newton, Massachusetts.

It was around this time that Archbishop John Hughes of New York was casting about for another seminary. The Methodist University at Troy had failed four years before, and Archbishop Hughes bought the buildings. He sent to France in hope of having the Sulpicians staff a new seminary at Troy, but they already had two houses of study in America, and, moreover, did not care to undertake the government of an institution which "had no enclosure nor gates," so they declined the offer. Then the Bishop of Ghent agreed to staff the project and sent Canon Louis Joseph Vandenhende, the moral professor of his own seminary, as its rector. Sometime during that summer of 1864, while James was at the Cathedral with Sherwood, Canon Vandenhende stopped in London on his

way to his new post. He was a very retiring and studious old gentleman and when he asked to visit some places of interest in London, a young man of the party returning to America was appointed his guide. Though the Canon was a very scholarly if somewhat unpractical sightseer, all went well until the guide spotted a playing field. It never occured to him, perhaps, that Canon Vandenhende did not even know what "cricket" was, and the youth kept his venerable charge, utterly at a loss, watching the game for two hours. The young man was sixteen years old, and his name was Eugene Healy. This is almost the last word about Eugene. He had been at Holy Cross two years before. We know that he turned out to be quite a successful gambler, and was always a source of considerable anxiety to his brothers, being considered "the black sheep" of the family.

James's and Sherwood's happy years of reunion came to an end with the opening of the new seminary on Ida Hill, October 18, 1864. James continued as Chancellor and Sherwood remained officially on the Cathedral staff, but among the five professors who constituted the faculty of the new house of studies at Troy, the Rev. Alexander Sherwood Healy was listed as professor of moral theology and director of discipline.

In the spring of the following year, 1865, Patrick was ordained in Belgium. He did not return at once to the States, but remained on the Continent for his year of tertianship.

Shortly after Patrick's ordination, Martha started taking vows again, but this time not in religion. She had met and fallen in love, like her mother, with an Irish immigrant, one Jerimiah Cashman of Boston. She married him that summer and they set up housekeeping in West Newton, Mass. Their first child, a little girl, was born on February 25, four years later. They called her Agnes Mary, and the Boston vital statistics listed her as "white."

Ten years had passed since young Michael had run

away to sea. The little lad who had so chafed under any restraint had found in the sea the complement to his adventurous nature. There was scarcely a place on the globe he had not visited, and from cabin-boy he had advanced to the bridge in the merchant marine. Often the life at sea had been unkind to him, but it had hardened and made a man of him, and he loved it. Now in this spring of 1865, just five weeks and a day before General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, this young Georgian entered the Revenue Service of the United States of America. He was twenty-six years old, and a third lieutenant. During this same year Sherwood was relieved of his moral class to assume the responsibility of the director of the seminary at Troy.

Toward the close of 1866, Patrick returned from Louvain. His first assignment as a priest was to the chair of philosophy at Georgetown. The scholasticate was there at this time, and Patrick was first put teaching ethics and metaphysics to the young Jesuits. In one way it was a return to his Alma Mater. Due to the extreme bigotry in New England, Holy Cross had been unable to confer the baccalaureate at the time of his graduation; hence his degree had been conferred by Georgetown College. His close friend and former rector at Holy Cross, Father Antony Ciampi, S.J., came to Georgetown that year as prefect of Trinity Church, and the famous Father Benedict Sestini, S.J., was lecturing in physics and mathematics.

Achievement and Forebodings

Meanwhile, early that spring, on April 2, James had changed his position and place of residence in Boston. At the turn of the century, the population trend toward South Boston had warranted the erection of a parish. At first, a place in Albany Block had been rented for a church. Later the old Turn Hall on Washington Street and then a museum on Beech Street had been used, and by the autumn of 1855, a new church had been erected at Howard and Albany

Streets, and dedicated under the patronage of Saint James the Greater. Since 1857 its pastor had been the former Rector of the Cathedral, Father John J. Williams. And now at the death of the Healys' close friend, Bishop Fitzpatrick, Father Williams was appointed to the See of Boston. He likewise was a close friend of the Healy brothers, and almost his first episcopal act, on April 2, 1866, was to appoint James to this pastorate of Saint James in Boston, which he himself had vacated.

James had not forgotten Father Haskins and the overburdening needs of his people in Roxbury. Soon after taking this important pastorate, Father Healy arranged that the Redemptorist Fathers should open a mission in Roxbury, where today stands the beautiful church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

On February 2, 1866, the Society of Jesus put its final and complete stamp of approval on the young professor of philosophy. Father General Peter Beckx had written from Rome in the previous year that Patrick Francis Healy was to be admitted to the four solemn vows of the Jesuit profession. Now, on this feast of the Presentation, the Society officially declared him to be a well balanced man of more than usual intelligence and holiness. Shortly thereafter he was made dean of studies at Georgetown.

During the autumn of 1869 Sherwood resigned from Saint Joseph's Seminary at Troy. His duties there as director of the seminary and professor of liturgy and sacred eloquence had been too exacting for his steadily decreasing vitality. From the very beginning Father Fenwick had feared the change to Troy for him, and had written to Patrick on June 10, 1864: "About Sherwood, I feel more apprehensive. He has never been strong and appears to me to have some symptoms of consumption. . . .

"I question very much whether the duties of a professor at the seminary will lighten the burden for

him and I also fear the climate of Troy, which, in winter, is far more severe than that of Boston."

By now the disease had made steady inroads and was leaving its mark on him, but his health was not the only reason for his resignation from Troy. When the Vatican Council opened in Rome on December 8, Reverend Alexander Sherwood Healy was present as Bishop Williams' Theologian. When Sherwood returned to Boston after his brilliant work at the Council, Bishop Williams appointed him Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. About the same time Patrick, in addition to being Dean, became Vice-President of Georgetown.

Georgetown's President

Father John Early, Patrick's old friend of Frederick days, was President of the College. He was advanced in years and his severe illness, due to a serious kidney disorder, left practically the whole burden of administration to the young Vice-President. On May 22, 1873 Father Early was stricken with paralysis at the after-dinner recreation. He soon lapsed into a coma and died quietly on Friday, two days later. From that moment, save for the formal "reading in" on the feast of Saint Ignatius Loyola, July 31, 1874, Patrick Healy was President of Georgetown University. A few years later John Gilmary Shea wrote of him, as he accepted this heavy responsibility: "He was an extraordinary man, eminent even among the Presidents that had graced the roll of Georgetown. His finished scholarship, exceptional administrative ability and varied experience, marked him as the one fitted in the highest degree to succeed to the vacant presidential chair."

The nine years through which Patrick directed Georgetown have been recorded as a time of exceptional improvement and advance for that university. Nothing was too large to attempt, or too small to escape his notice, if it might be for the betterment

of the place to which he remained fervently devoted for the rest of his life.

In fact, one of his first reforms brought amusing results. On December 12, 1873, a few months after he became Rector, he abolished, once and for all, the old European custom of reading at meals in the students' refectory. Perhaps Patrick himself had suffered from too much of a good thing at Louvain. He hadn't liked Louvain in general, and it is easy to imagine some of the particulars that irked him. At any rate the students were overjoyed at this innovation, and took steps to make it known. On the day appointed for "no more reading" the student band struck up a lively tune as soon as the graces were finished, and after dinner the faculty was serenaded at some length in the quadrangle.

More than once it has been objected that Patrick Healy could never have been of Negro parentage, and still be appointed President of the South's great Jesuit university. He was loved and respected by the best families of Washington and at home in Virginia's most élite society. Quite clearly the McSherrys, the Dahlgrens, the Riggs and the others who were always proud to receive him did not know that he was a Negro. It is not clear that it would have made any difference if they had known. But what they did most certainly know was that Patrick Healy of Georgia was a perfect Southern gentleman.

It was the era of reconstruction and the recent war had been fought, some believed, to free the land of the stigma which had marked his mother's birth, but the rebels who were being reconstructed always seemed to consider Father Healy as one of themselves.

When American Catholics made their great pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1874 two Georgetown students, Eugene and Frank Ives, carried with them an American flag from Georgtown. It was to be blessed by the Holy Father in Rome and later to be deposited

at Lourdes. After the audience with the Pope, Frank Ives wrote back to Father Healy, July 22, 1874:

"The dreams of our lives were at last realized, but the fact of the Holy Father being a prisoner in the Vatican spoils half the pleasure of seeing it . . . It was, however, quite amusing to see our looks of contempt on Victor Emanuel's soldiers, and whenever we passed one of his flags it was with a sensation not unnew to some of us, especially the Southern pilgrims." Later in the same letter the young Johnny Reb continues, to one whom he knows will understand:

"At one of the audiences the flag was blessed. You cannot tell what my feelings were as I knelt before him with the staff grasped tightly while he spread the American colors out (over mother, Aunt Clara, and myself, three rebels) and read the inscriptions. Mother said it was a sign that she must give up thinking of the lost hopes of a once prosperous nation, and try and love that flag which has crushed her people into submission."

And while Frank Ives wrote that he bragged about Grant and the Congress until, as he told Father Healy, "you would think I was a born politician and Yankee," he added as his reason: "I don't want to let these Europeans think that I am disgusted with the government. But wherever I am alone with Americans a great change takes place."

Mrs. Ives too, wrote to Father Healy from Brussels that: "I also had Masses offered for all the souls who had fought and died under that flag—especially the Union soldiers, and promised our Blessed Lady that I would be a reconstructed rebel *on her platform*—that is, to pray for my enemies and do all in my power for the good of the country."

They could write all this to him and know that he would completely understand and share their sentiments, and the wife of the Union general who cut a path through Patrick's native Georgia from Atlanta to the sea could write: "Pray remember the General

sometimes in the Holy Sacrifice," and know that he would understand her too.

It is interesting to note that Frank Ives, while studying at Feldkirch, observed the following in one of his letters to Father Healy: "In the 'Herald' received yesterday I was surprised to see the fearful state of the country down South, that is, the boldness of the Negroes; no doubt it will all end in a war of races, which will be a most horrible affair."

Sometime in 1874 another daughter was born to Martha and Jerimiah Cashman. They named her Mary Josephine Sherwood, after her uncle and aunt.

Eliza, the youngest of the little sisters and her mother's namesake, was by now a grown woman of twenty-eight. Bishop Williams of Boston had acted as her guardian, and on April 15, 1874 a close friend wrote to Patrick from the "Hotel Dieu de S. Joseph" in Montreal: "I suppose that now you are perfectly satisfied since Eliza is going to enter religious life. I expect to see her here by Thursday next. I have looked forward with such pleasure to the time when she would come." And again, two weeks later, the same friend wrote to Patrick: "Eliza is now in Montreal and expects to enter next Thursday. She had a pretty hard struggle in leaving home but I think the worst is not yet passed."

Whatever this "worst" was, it passed without harm. Eliza entered the Convent of Saint Joseph that May first, and on the nineteenth of July two years later she was professed as Sister Saint Mary Madeleine. Later she became superior of a convent and one of her subjects wrote of her that she was "a perfect religious, of exquisite distinction both in intelligence and manner."

Portland's Bishop

In the summer of that same 1874 Bishop Bacon of Portland, Maine, embarked for Rome, to visit the Eternal City and try to recoup his broken health.

Only the bishop and his physician knew the gravity of his illness, but he attempted the voyage as a last resort, taking with him his life-long friend, Archbishop McCloskey. When the ship docked at Brest in France he was so ill that he remained in the Naval Hospital there while the Archbishop went on to Rome. After some time his companion returned and Bishop Bacon was carried aboard the "Pereire." When they reached New York he was taken at once to Saint Vincent's Hospital, to die.

That was November 5, 1874. A Papal Bull, dated February 12 of the following year, appointed Reverend James Augustine Healy to the vacant see of Portland. He was consecrated on the following June 10, in his Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, by his intimate friend Bishop Williams of Boston. A contemporary review wrote: "His elevation, though eminently wise, was looked upon as a blow to the Catholic interests of Boston greater than any that had preceeded it."

At the time of his appointment he had just begun the erection of a new Saint James Church, further removed from the smoke and noise of the Boston and Albany Railroad yards. He went to his new post a slight, good-looking prelate, not very tall—soft spoken but decisive in both speech and manner; and, as one of his parishioners remarked, "a mighty good business man." Those who knew him speak of his fine features, the fringe of whiskers just showing above his Roman collar, and the clear traces of his Negro blood.

Brief Brilliance

The parish which he left, Saint James in southside Boston, was taken over by his brother, Father Alexander Sherwood Healy.

Sherwood had never been strong and now his failing health took a sudden turn for the worse. Within a few weeks after James' consecration it was clear to himself and Patrick that Sherwood's complaint was

that which they had so long feared and hoped against, the dread consumption. When James came down from Portland that Summer to assist Bishop Williams with the consecration of the new Saint James parish church, its young pastor was a marked man, and James could see that the progress of the disease was to be swift and fatal. Sherwood dragged through that summer in a living death. On September 8 he was taken to Carney Hospital in South Boston. After lingering for a few more weeks, he died there on October 21, 1875. He was thirty-nine years old.

It is no wonder that Saint James parish has been called "the mother of bishops." Father Williams was called from there to the see of Boston, and James Healy was called from its care to the bishopric of Portland. Sherwood had been talked about as the logical choice for Bishop of Springfield when that diocese was established in 1870. Moreover the long vacancy of the see of Hartford at this time, following the death of Bishop McFarland, has been explained by the reported fact that word had come from Rome appointing Alexander Sherwood Healy as the fourth Bishop of Hartford. That see is said to have been left vacant in expectation of a sufficient improvement in Sherwood's health to warrant his consecration.

Patrick and James mourned deeply the death of their younger brother, to whom they had been so intimately and tenderly devoted. Bishop Gabriels wrote of him: "Father Healy was an able theologian, an interesting lecturer, and a fine musician. It was he who composed the first statutes of the Diocese of Boston, as well as a much-used grammar of plainchant; he also introduced the so-called "Troy Magnificat.'"

By The Hilltop

Georgetown's popular president had just turned forty and was in his prime. During the next few years he wrote, in achievement and stone, a brilliant chapter in the history of that university. The summer

of 1875 saw a new gymnasium built and the grounds were graded and landscaped. One day Father Healy noticed that there was little water available in case of fire, and soon pumps had been installed to draw the water from the Potomac at the foot of the hill, with hydrants placed at strategic points on the campus.

At the fifty-sixth annual commencement, the first of Patrick's incumbency and before he was officially rector, he conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on the Honorable Richard T. Merrick of Washington, an alumnus who had been a captain in the Mexican war. A year later, under Patrick's direction, Captain Merrick presented eighteen shares of Metropolitan Railroad stock to the college for the Merrick Debating Medal. This was followed by the founding of the Morris Hospital Medal and the Toner Scientific Medal.

Señor Thomas M. Herran was an alumnus of Georgetown and a friend of Father Healy. He was the son of General P. A. Herran who had been President of the Republic of Colombia from 1840 until 1844 and Colombian Minister to the United States from 1847 until 1862. It was his son, Señor Thomas Herran, who after various important diplomatic positions in London, Hamburg and Washington, successfully brought to a close the Panama Canal negotiations with the United States by the signing of the Hay-Herran Treaty on January 22, 1903.

On March 12, 1875 Señor Thomas Herran wrote to Patrick from his home in Medellin: "Through Lewis Johnson you will receive two cases, one sent by Dr. Uribe containing Indian antiquities, mainly pottery, half of which is intended for the College Museum and the other half for the Smithsonian Institute. Though it is all sent in one lot, I presume that you will have no difficulty in arranging the division with the Institute.

"The second case of which I have spoken contains two duplicate collections of rare 'orchids' which I send, one for the College and the other for the

Smithsonian. Though the same case contains both collections you will perceive that they are separated by a piece of canvas; reserve either and please send the other . . . ."

This fine collection of ancient Indian pottery had been made by Dr. Manuel Uribe in the State of Antioquia, and was the remnants of the Catias, Natabes and Tahamis, Carib coastal tribes. It recalled the days when Jesuit missionaries had learned the languages and the arts of the natives from Hudson Bay to Patagonia. It was placed in the College Museum.

Señor Herran sent more than pottery for Georgetown's advancement. His son Leoncio was there, and in February of 1875 he wrote to its President that he was sending more South American boys to the university.

The respect and confidence with which this famous diplomat looked upon Patrick is clear from one of his letters, written from Medellin on May 10, 1875 after Leoncio had been cutting capers at Georgetown: "In reply to your kind letter I am about to give a few instructions in reference to Leoncio, but I leave it entirely to you, without any restriction whatever, to modify them as your judgment may dictate, with the assurance that whatever course you may pursue will receive my entire approbation . . . . P.S. I leave Leoncio's letter open that you may read it before delivering it . . ."

New buildings were badly needed for the growing university, but so far no one had found either the courage or the funds to begin the enterprise. Patrick sent plans to Rome and they were approved by the Father General. In 1877, while a tremendous excavation was being made in front of Dahlgren chapel to receive the foundations, Georgetown's courageous President sat poring over the alumni list to see who was going to pay for it. The Healys were builders and the building was begun. That same year James completed

the twenty-three thousand dollar Kavanagh School in Portland, which had been left unfinished by Bishop Bacon.

The building at Georgetown was to be 312 feet long and 95 feet wide at the pavilions. The work was pushed vigorously and by the end of the year the cornerstone was in place. When December came again, the roof was put on the north pavilion. In the following April several workmen missed death from a falling plank by a fraction of an inch, and on May 1 the whole structure was threatened by a fire which broke out in a nail keg on the roof. Two weeks later the cross was placed on the gable of the south pavilion. The central tower was finished by July of 1879, and on Independence Day the national colors waved from the highest point they had ever reached in the District of Columbia. Unfortunately the man who was responsible for it all was not there to enjoy it. Patrick's health had broken under the strain of responsibility and worry. Some months before, he had started for California, a broken man, unable to eat and unable to sleep.

To Try Again

The trip to California was made down the East coast by boat, across Panama by train, and up the West coast to San Francisco. Father Joseph O'Hagan, who was President of Holy Cross College at the time and whose health had also broken, accompanied Georgetown's ailing President on the voyage. Patrick was a close friend of Father O'Hagan and he forgot his own illness to care for this older and more seriously stricken brother Jesuit. He wrote sad letters back to Father Mullaly at Georgetown as Father O'Hagan grew weaker and weaker with the voyage. They crossed Panama and on December 15, 1878, while they were at sea off Nicaragua, the dying Jesuit breathed his last. Patrick buried him in Mexico and

afterwards his body was exhumed and removed to Worcester.

Patrick went on alone to San Francisco. He found congenial company on the boat and in California with several alumni of Georgetown and Fordham. General Rosecrans served his Mass when they landed, and he wrote back to Georgetown of his meeting with Paris Cody, a niece of Buffalo Bill.

For a while he felt his health improving under the California sun. Encouraging and witty letters came back to Father Mullaly, the Vice President of Georgetown, and the acting rector answered: "I cannot thank you too much for your letter received yesterday—it is so bright and cheerful—like yourself. I was beginning to worry very much about your falling into the condition of last summer: sleeplessness and want of appetite, but now I feel relieved." Father Mullaly knew that Patrick was anxious about the building of his dreams, and he added in the same letter, February 27, 1879: "The weather has been very unpropitious for the building. The only thing we can do is to get out the stone and timbers. I hope by the middle of next month to see the outside work, with the exception of the towers, beginning to draw to a close."

But the vacation in California was not a time of consistent improvement in the Jesuit's broken health. The sleepless nights and dreary days returned at intervals, and it was felt that the doctor had mishandled the case. Father Mullaly wrote to Patrick again on March 21: "It seems that the crucible of suffering is to be yours some little time longer . . . I am most afraid you are fretting about us here and that this disturbs and prevents your sleep . . . If you can only get your regular rest all things will go well. That fool of a doctor ought to be kicked out of the community for his infernal malpractice. I hope the remedies you are taking will soon drive the poison out of your system." The sick man stayed on in California for some months, and for reasons other than

health. If the new building at Georgetown was to be finished according to plans, funds had to be found somewhere, and soon. Patrick had made good contacts in the West, and now, when he was not conducting a retreat, he was seeking out some prospective benefactor for Georgetown and its building.

Father John Mullaly was his intimate friend as well as his coadministrator. They had been novices together at Frederick, and when Patrick wrote that he was on his way home in easy stages across the States, Father Mullaly replied: "Your letter from Chicago reached me this morning. Like the days before vacation, I shall begin to count the days 'til you come."

The 1879 commencement was held within the rough and still unfinished walls of the new Healy building. The President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hayes, conferred the degrees and it was Father Mullaly's deep regret that Patrick could not be there.

He was back, though, that autumn, when the last outside slate was set in place on November 11, just short of two years after the structure had been begun. It was a justly proud and happy day for Patrick Healy. Four days later he had the following notice read in the community refectory at dinner: "As the new college, under the blessing of God, has been completed, exteriorly, without any untoward accident to mar the memory of its erection, it is meet that we testify our gratitude to Him in a becoming manner. Wherefore, Rev. Father Rector requests that on tomorrow, the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the priests will offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and those who are not priests their Communions and Beads, in thanksgiving for this great favor, and in petition that He, Who has given us to begin, will vouchsafe to raise up benefactors who will enable us to complete, the great work undertaken to His greater glory. All are, moreover, requested to further this petition to the utmost until the new building shall be thoroughly equipped for occupancy."

As the work on the interior of the Healy building progressed, Patrick gave the last years of his presidency to the formation of the Georgetown Alumni Association. It had been attempted before by others, but the plans for the most part had remained little more than plans. Now he took the matter to hand and pushed it in earnest, and the commencement of 1881 witnessed a larger group of Georgetown alumni than had ever been gathered together before. The oldest graduate present had matriculated seventy years before.

Father Healy's constant appeals to them for funds were not in vain, and early in 1882 his burden was lightened when James Coleman, an alumnus in San Francisco, sent a check for ten thousand dollars. As an expression of gratitude, the hall housing the collected antiquities was called The Coleman Museum.

The trip to California had proved but a transient benefit, and again at the beginning of this year Patrick was prostrate with the illness whose permanency was now all too evident. He fought with all his strength to carry on, but weakness and his physician's advice prevailed, and on February 16, 1882 he resigned the presidency of Georgetown.

In 1865 Michael had entered the United States Revenue Service as a third lieutenant. He was made a captain sometime around 1884 and assigned to patrol the Alaskan waters. His exploits in command of the revenue cutters, "Bear," "Thomas Corwin" and "Thetis" supply material for another story. For almost twenty years he rendered his country invaluable service in the northern waters, protecting the fishing industries, maintaining law on our newly-acquired possessions, and aiding in a number of scientific expeditions.

Most of the time he was the only representative of the government in Alaska, which made his powers autocratic. The reports concerning him in the National Archives indicate a strict disciplinarian, rough in his

language, respected by most, feared by some, hated by others. While in general he was as seamy and hard as the sea itself, yet he was capable of a gentle understanding of human frailties and, at times, was even tender.

He remained devoted to Patrick and James, who loved and understood him. On one occasion he was attacked in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS by one of the Alaskan Missionaries, and Patrick wrote vigorously in his defense. He retired from the Revenue Service in 1903, and died of a heart ailment on August 31, 1904, having received the last sacraments consciously.

The story of James Augustine Healy as Bishop of Portland must also be left to a later writing. For twenty-five years he was an excellent administrator, enthusiastic builder, and devoted pastor of souls. He died on August 5, 1900.

As for Patrick after he resigned from Georgetown he never fully regained his health. An extended vacation with James in Portland restored his strength to some degree. For most of the twenty-five years left to him he labored in pain, but never ceased to labor. The greater part of this time was spent in the care of souls in Providence, in New York, and in Philadelphia. There was little more than an empty shell when he returned to the Georgetown infirmary in 1908. He died there on January 10, 1910, and it was just at sunrise on the morning of January 12 that his body was carried into Dahlgren Chapel, where our story began.

A MODERN JESUIT MYSTIC

Oscar Mueller, S.J. and Odilon Jaeger, S.J.

If Brazilians thought of São Leopoldo at all three years ago, they thought of it as a pleasant industrial city of some 30,000 people. It meant a little more to the Jesuits of the country because their newest house of studies, the Colégio Cristo Rei, had been built on its outskirts a little while before to house the philosophers and theologians of the Southern Brazilian Province. Today São Leopoldo is beginning to mean much more to the people of Brazil. It has become a place of pilgrimage. In small groups, or in hundreds, as happened last July on the third anniversary of his death, the faithful have been coming to pray at the flower-covered grave of Father John Baptist Reus in the little cemetery of the Jesuit scholasticate. There is reason, too, for believing that their prayers are being answered, and that the saintly, retiring Jesuit whom the people of São Leopoldo used to call "the praying Father" has become a powerful advocate for his people. In ever-increasing numbers reports of spiritual and temporal favors obtained through his intercession are appearing in the *Notícias para os nossos amigos,* the magazine which the Province of Southern Brazil publishes for its friends and benefactors. It is remarkable, astonishing in fact, that such extensive popular devotion should have arisen in a period of three years. Nor is there any natural explanation which can be offered for it. Father Reus was not widely known at the time of his death, and his life of unobtrusive sanctity had nothing spectacular

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This article was compiled by Mr. Gerald A. McCool, S.J. The excerpts from the spiritual diary of Father Reus have been translated from a series of articles by Father Oscar Mueller, S.J., Rector of the Colégio Máximo de Cristo Rei which have appeared during the past few months in *Notícias para os nossos amigos.* Most of the biographical data was sent to us directly by Mr. Odilon Jaeger, a theologian of the Province of Southern Brazil.

about it which might appeal to the popular imagination. The explanation has to be sought elsewhere. It is found in the gradual publication of the spiritual diary which Father Reus kept at the command of his superiors for the greater portion of his life in the Society. In its pages is found the history of a soul whom God had raised to the highest stages of mystical prayer; and the events of the past three years give reason to believe that God now wishes the world to learn of the remarkable graces which He granted to Father Reus during his lifetime, and of the heroic way in which this obscure Jesuit responded to them. The Jesuits of Southern Brazil have begun to hope that some day, perhaps soon, the elderly Father whom they buried in 1947 may be raised to the altars and, like St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, be honored by the Church as a great Jesuit mystic.

Our Lady and the Child Jesus

Father Reus was not a native Brazilian. He was born in Pottenstein, a small town of the Bamberg diocese, on July 10, 1868. His family was not prosperous, but it was penetrated with the sturdy Catholic spirit of the German country-folk. His uncle was a parish priest and his mother, Anne Margaret Reus, was a woman of more than ordinary piety, who took the religious education of her eight children with extreme seriousness. It was not surprising, then, that her fourth boy should turn out to be a pious child, but, even in those early days of childhood, John Reus' piety was marked with the signs of special graces. In his later life, he wrote of the pain which he had suffered because of his distractions at the time of his First Communion, on Whitsunday, 1880. The devotion to our Lady, around which centered so many of the great graces of his closing years, took an apostolic turn in the years of his boyhood. He spoke of his Queen with enthusiasm and devotion to his fellow-children, and even to adults, and the solid results of his juvenile apostolate are evidence that, even then,

he knew how to improve people without getting on their nerves. The children were solidly instructed in the use of their rosaries, and over three hundred fellow-townsmen were persuaded to adopt the devotion of our Lady's scapular.

Financial difficulties seemed to threaten for a time the vocation to the priesthood which he felt was his, but the winning of a scholarship to the Bamberg *Gymnasium* enabled him to prepare himself for admission to the diocesan seminary. After the completion of his military service in 1890, he was able to enter it and begin his studies for the priesthood.

At the beginning of his seminary career, mental prayer was a mystery to him, and he could not understand what the seminarians who remained in the chapel after evening prayers were doing there. Instruction made meditation comprehensible but not easy. The young seminarian began to cast about for helps in making mental prayer, and, in doing so, he came upon a novena to the Infant Jesus. He made it the subject of his meditations. That decision, it would appear, was one of the first of his great graces. Shortly after beginning the meditations on the Infant Jesus, the seminarian who had found it so hard to pray became conscious of an irresistible attraction, which led him to spend hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. "I had never known before," he wrote later in his diary, "the immense love of Jesus which is irresistible for those whom He loves. I went frequently to the chapel now . . . I longed ardently for Holy Communion, approaching the sacred table every day, even during the holidays, always wearing a surplice as the regulations of the seminary required." Encouraged by his confessor's assurance that there was no danger of illusion in yielding to this attraction, the future Father Reus continued his long vigils before the Blessed Sacrament. It was while he was kneeling close to the tabernacle during one of these vigils in 1892, that the sensible presence of God was experienced for the first time. It appeared to

him that he had entered into God who was present there before him, and that he had submerged himself in the Divine Being.

The year 1892 was also the year of his vocation to the Society of Jesus, but, although the young seminarian was convinced that God was calling him to the Society, the Bishop of Bamberg had other ideas on the subject, and it was not until the year after his ordination that episcopal permission was secured and he was able to enter the novitiate on October 16, 1894. "Although the cares and sacrifices have cost me tears," he wrote to a friend at that time, "still I am so happy that I praise the day on which I received the vocation to the Society of Jesus." In another letter which was written at the beginning of his noviceship, Father Reus spoke of the great love of our Lady which filled his soul. It was to her, he felt, that his religious vocation was chiefly due. "O Mary, my beloved Mother," he wrote on the day of his devotional vows, "you have called me to the Society of Jesus and have given me the grace to make my vows today. Receive me entirely so that I may be your servant. Protect me and communicate to me the virtues of your most pure heart, so that I can become a saint." The vocation to high sanctity is mentioned again in the notes of the Long Retreat. "O Jesus, beloved spouse of my soul," one passage runs, "I am certain I can become what You want me to be—a saint—but not one of brilliant sanctity; rather one whose sanctity is despised by men. Mary, my bountiful mother, protect me so that I may persevere!" An obscure sanctity which sought its expression in penance and exact observance of rule was the ideal of his noviceship, and it remained the dominant characteristic of his fifty-three years in the Society. The resolution of his Tertianship Retreat was the continual practice of the third degree of humility, in order to follow Christ in His humiliations and sufferings. And because it seemed to him that his resolution could be carried out more perfectly in India or Africa than in the

home-Province, he asked his superiors to be assigned to one of those missions.

The mission-status of 1900 sent Father Reus overseas, but it assigned him neither to India nor Africa. His destination was a third mission which had been entrusted to his Province, the Mission of Southern Brazil. A few months were passed at São Leopoldo learning Portuguese and then the new missionary was assigned to the Jesuit college in the city of Rio Grande. Here he was to spend five years as teacher and prefect of discipline and seven more as Superior. They were uneventful years, and during them neither Father Reus nor anyone else, as it would appear, had any inkling of the great mystical graces which God would give him immediately after his departure from Rio Grande.

Great Mystical Graces

Weak health was the reason for the change which brought him to Pôrto Alegre in 1912. In September of that year it became evident that God was working in his soul in a most wonderful manner. His spiritual diary mentions the first of the great graces which came to him during his morning meditation on the sixth of September: "Suddenly Mary, the Lady of my heart and my Love came to me. I perceived that she had come in company with St. Joseph. I could speak with my sweetest Mother. She remained until the end of the meditation and even beyond that. She remained in my room the entire day, and every time that I entered it, I felt impelled to raise my biretta to salute her." The next morning Christ impressed on him the stigmata which, although it never became visible, remained with him for the rest of his life and caused him acute and prolonged suffering. Father Reus went to spend the Christmas of that year in the town of Bom Princípio and his diary gives the following account of the vision which was granted to him there during the Christmas Mass: "O sweetest Jesus! (I received) the same graces (as on the previous

days—i.e. he rested on the heart of Jesus and was united to the Blessed Trinity). During the Mass I saw You present as a little child in my heart. I believe that it was not an illusion. In the second part of my meditation I was united to the Word of God. It was the first time that this took place."

The status of 1913 appointed Father Reus to the pastorate of our parish in São Leopoldo. During that year the special graces continued, and, under the date of December 25, 1913, the following entry is found in his diary: "I was united to the Word of God, feeling and understanding His omnipotence and His infinite majesty and, at the same time, my own nothingness. I did not perceive the sacred humanity (of the Word of God). Jesus, grant that I be Thine and that I may love Thee! I am almost afraid to offer Thee my love, O infinite Being!"

In the following year he received his appointment as spiritual director to the seminarians of the diocesan seminary in São Leopoldo. The thirty remaining years of his life would be devoted to the formation of future priests. Until 1942 his care would be given to the diocesan seminarians of São Leopoldo, and from 1942 until his death he would be the spiritual director of the philosophers and theologians of his own Province. By 1914 the intense fervor which he experienced during the celebration of Mass had become quite noticeable, and from that time on, Father Reus preferred to say his Mass in private, with no one present except the Scholastic or Brother who was appointed to serve him. His work as spiritual director and professor of Liturgy made demands on his time, but despite his busy schedule, Father Reus had become "the praying Father" of São Leopoldo. His prayer was almost without interruption. The Divine Office and the Rosary were recited every day before the Blessed Sacrament, and the ejaculations offered every day for the souls in Purgatory often numbered 20,000. But the service of God demanded more of him than prayer alone. In 1916 he took the vow of always doing

the more perfect thing and kept it faithfully until his death. Two more vows soon followed, the first to propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the second to labor for the spreading of devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. God was pleased with the holocaust of the saintly spiritual director, and in the spiritual diary of this period we read the consoling words which our Lord spoke to him in prayer: "I will bless this house on your account."

The seminarians were not the only souls in São Leopoldo who had the privilege of Father Reus' direction. For years he was chaplain to the Franciscan Sisters in that city, and it was during this period that another greatly privileged soul came under his direction. She was Sister Maria Antônia, and so convinced was Father Reus of her heroic sanctity that he undertook the editing of her private diary after her death in 1939. When he was near to death in 1944, he turned to her for help and remained convinced until his death that his recovery from that illness was due to her intercession. Perhaps it was Sister Maria Antônia who was confessing to him at the time when the vision of the Child Jesus came to him as he was sitting in the confessional of the Franciscan convent on December 22, 1937. "While I was hearing the confessions of the Franciscan Sisters today," the diary runs, "I exhorted them to prepare themselves well for the coming of the Child Jesus. Then, suddenly, within the Sister who was confessing, I saw the Infant Jesus in the center of a brilliant light. I saw Him within other Sisters too, and the light, at times, was dazzling in its brilliance."

Frequent Visions and Ecstacies

This vision belongs to the last period in the spiritual development of Father Reus. In this period, taking in roughly the last thirteen years of his life, his visions and ecstacies became much more frequent. They centered around the Holy Trinity, the Child Jesus,

the Sacred Heart and our Lady, and they came to him more commonly at Mass, or during his meditations and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The remainder of this article will be concerned, in the main, with an account of some of the more remarkable among them, and it seems best, in view of the greatness of these spiritual favors, to leave their description, as far as is feasible, to the words of Father Reus himself. Among the published excerpts from his diary, the following accounts of his visions of the Infant Jesus are perhaps the most striking:

December 24, 1936: "This morning while I was vesting for Mass I suddenly saw the Child Jesus before me. He was of the same size as an ordinary child, and light streamed from Him. I paid no attention. At noon, during the examination of conscience I saw the Child Jesus resting His head on my shoulder. He was seated, it appeared, on my left arm and placed His little arm around my neck. I could not doubt the reality of this fact. I tried to free myself from this vision, but to no avail. It continued until five-thirty this afternoon, and I could distinctly feel the pressure of the little arm around my neck. This grace, like the others, fills me with holy fear, because I recognize my own wretchedness and, at the same time, the incomprehensible goodness of God. One thing, however, is certain. These graces, given even to me, are an irrefutable proof of the infinite mercy of the Heart of Jesus."

January 2, 1937: "I was in the confessional, and while I was absolving a penitent from his mortal sins, I felt the Child clasping my neck, and it seemed that His little arm was drawing me closer to Him, as though to express His gratitude for my having freed the penitent from those sins which caused Him so much pain. I heard many confessions after that, but they were only of venial sins and I experienced nothing unusual."

January 4, 1937: "While I was hearing confessions, I felt and saw after the absolution, the Child Jesus

as He embraced me with His right arm and tenderly placed His face close to mine . . . Afterwards, when I was out in the sunlight, I saw the face of the Child Jesus. It was surrounded by an aureole of light so brilliant that it outshone the rays of the sun. It was not dazzling in its brilliance but it was indescribable in its beauty . . . In one of the visits which I made to the Blessed Sacrament, I saw my heart enclosed in the Heart of Jesus. Flames poured from both hearts but those which poured from the Heart of Jesus were greater."

December 16, 1939: "I suddenly saw very clearly the Child Jesus within me, surrounded by light. I saw Him afterwards embrace my heart with His little arms and exchange it with His in proof of love . . . Reflecting on the motive which Jesus could have for granting me such an extraordinary sign of His love, and one which was so humiliating for me, I saw then that it could only be because of my exceeding wretchedness. He is the Saviour and He desires to save. He wishes to save my heart from the wretchedness in which it has been plunged until now. I am convinced of this. The vision lasted during Holy Mass and has lasted until the moment in which I am writing."

December 20, 1941: "At the Offertory I saw the Child Jesus once again, this time over the paten and chalice, at the moment in which I was elevating them and offering them to the Divine Father. In the ecstacy I saw the Blessed Trinity and the empty throne of the Divine Saviour. The Child Jesus was in the center over the altar. Higher still over it was the Holy Mother of God whose face reflected most tender pleasure as she watched her little Son who was offering Himself in sacrifice for the salvation of men. She was sharing in the pleasure with which the Holy Trinity was considering the Divine Sacrifice. Like the opening of a beautiful flower, Mary's lips parted in a smile of indescribable love, the smile of a loving mother who gazes happily on the son of her heart. How can a priest remain indifferent in the presence of

all this! The surrounding choirs of holy angels are overcome with astonishment and profound adoration at the most lofty mysteries which take place on the altar."

January 1, 1944: "In the Holy Mass, at the Memento for the dead, I saw the Blessed Trinity, and between the Divine Majesty and the altar, the Child Jesus. Rays went out from the Child Jesus in the direction of Purgatory . . . It was the visible representation of the prayer which the Church makes: 'Grant we beseech Thee to them (the holy souls) a place of light and peace!' The holy sacrifice is light for the souls who are suffering in the darkness of Purgatory."

January 1, 1947: "At Holy Mass, three ecstasies of love. The first at the Consecration. The second before Communion. While I was saying, 'Lord I am not worthy' and was about to raise the sacred host to my mouth I had to stop to give free rein to the ardor of my heart, and then I saw, as always, the Child Jesus, who, with a loving smile, stretched out His little arms toward me. The third after the Communion."

The phrase "I saw, as always, the Child Jesus" refers to the vision of the Child Jesus in the sacred host which was given to Father Reus in every Mass which he celebrated from the day of his golden sacerdotal jubilee, January 11, 1943. On more than one occasion, his spiritual diary contains the simple notation: "The Child Jesus, as always."

It was to be expected that the workings of grace in the soul of Father Reus would be accompanied with great interior sufferings. His diary tells in the succession of its entries something of the pain which goes hand in hand with the mystic's ecstasies. Sometimes it is given in a fleeting hint, as in the following entry: December 24, 1943: "I saw at a great height the Most Holy Trinity, and in the center, between the throne of the Divine Majesty and the altar, Jesus, fastened to His cross, surrounded by the holy angels in deep adoration . . . From the moment of His Incarnation, the Divine Saviour had the cross always before

His eyes. That is the reason why we all can say, 'with Christ I am fastened to the cross.'" Other entries tell of the agonies of fear and humiliation which filled his soul at the moments of the heavenly visitations:

October 31, 1934: "A kind of confusion and terror fills me when I think of the greatness of the favors and the wretched state of my soul."

April 8, 1937: "When I ascended the steps after the prayers at the foot of the altar at Mass today, I saw that Jesus was waiting for me in front of the tabernacle. His Sacred Heart was clearly visible. While I was rising after kissing the altar, a thing happened which I would never have dreamed of. My beloved Jesus leaned forward toward me and embraced me with both arms. This extreme of love humiliated me deeply because I know so well who and what I am. But what can I do? I can only repeat my plea: 'Make me truly love Thee!'"

Physical Suffering

The very intensity of Father Reus' love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was the cause of extreme physical suffering to him. Every time that he entered a church or chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was kept, his heart was flooded with fire, as it seemed to him. The heart itself was the center of a burning pain of such excruciating proportions that, as he admitted, it seemed at times to be greater than he could bear. It was on such occasions that his fellow-Jesuits would be given a faint glimpse into the world which lay beyond the veil of Father Reus' seemingly ordinary Jesuit life. They would hear him groan softly, and see him part his cassock slightly and draw his underclothing away from his burning chest in an effort to obtain relief. His diary gives us the history of one such episode in the entry for June 4, 1934:

"I was making the Way of the Cross. As I was genuflecting before leaving the chapel, I found that

I could not rise. I saw a flame dart from my burning heart toward the tabernacle and I saw another torrent of fire and love come from the tabernacle which made me groan because of its great heat."

On June 17, 1934, he speaks of the constancy of the suffering brought on him by his great love for our Lord: "My union with Jesus is visible, and is felt without interruption day and night. In the first visit which I make to the Most Holy Sacrament at rising and whenever I am alone with my beloved Jesus, the interior fire is so fierce that I cannot bear it without drawing the clothing away from my breast. This is the case every day." Four years later, on August 9, 1938, another notation reads: "It has happened many times that during the evening Benediction as the Blessed Sacrament was being exposed a flame of love began to burn in my heart from the moment in which the sacred host became visible and continued until the sacred host was replaced in the tabernacle at the end of the Benediction. Yesterday, as the priest was giving the blessing with the Blessed Sacrament, I saw the graces of that benediction descend on my heart like a river of fire which completely inundated it."

It was during one of these evening Benedictions, on June 15, 1939 that one of the high points in Father Reus' sufferings and mystical graces was reached. Joy, confusion and terror swept simultaneously though his soul and intense physical pain filled his body as he knelt quietly in his pew before the Blessed Sacrament. He had been granted the great grace of the *transmutatio cordium*. The history of his ecstasy is narrated in the entry for that day: "Yesterday (Vigil of the Feast of the Sacred Heart) I experienced from the beginning of the evening Benediction a great fire of love. Suddenly there was a terrible sensation in my breast as though something were being violently torn from it. I was terrified. My heart had been torn from my breast, and my beloved Jesus, appearing above the altar, took His heart and placed

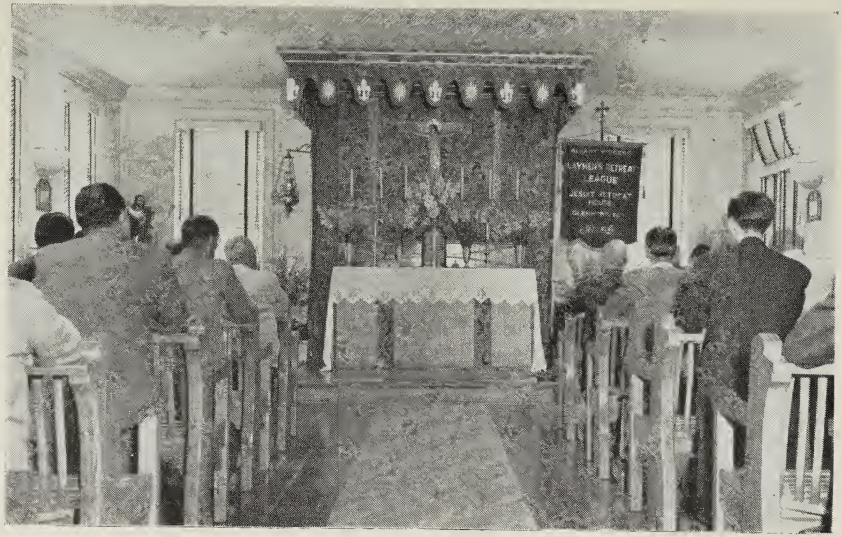
it within my breast, and then took my heart and placed it within His breast. I could not doubt it. I felt deeply confused and almost wept, since it is absolutely impossible for me to correspond to so great a love. All I could do was repeat with great insistence the prayer: 'Only make me love Thee. Ask what Thou wilt. Everything is Thine. Help me to please Thee. I know not what there is in this heart of mine which deserves such a grace.' Then it seemed to me that I heard my beloved Jesus say: 'If it pleases me to act thus, what is that to thee?' I will place my trust in the heart of Jesus. Whatever He does is good."

His Profound Humility

The visions which he received were a source of holy fear to Father Reus. At times, he seemed almost to distrust them. "I saw the Divine Infant in the consecrated host," runs the entry for January 11, 1943, but we possess a more thorough proof of the real presence than these visions in the words of Christ Himself: 'This is My body.'" That such favors could be given to a sinner and a "criminal" like him seemed one of the unfathomable mysteries of the divine love. His humility would never allow him to believe that any spiritual progress was being made because of them, and a provincial, who asked him once at manifestation time how things were going spiritually, got the blunt answer: "Things are getting worse every day." Admissions of that sort were easier to get from Father Reus than even the slightest hint of the wonders which God was working in his soul. What we do know about those wonders comes from the notations which were made under the command of his superiors, and they were made simply and left to stand without polishing or emendation. It is significant that Father Reus never retracted a single line of them.

The circle of Father Reus' influence during his life was comparatively limited. The seminarians and

Jesuit Scholastics knew him as a professor of Liturgy and spiritual director. He had something of a reputation as a spiritual writer. Several books, "The Heroic Act on Behalf of the Souls of Purgatory," a prayer-book, "Orai" and a "Course of Liturgy" have been published. The last is, perhaps, the most widely known. He was a writer of articles as well, and several of them appeared under his name in Brazilian ecclesiastical reviews. Except to his seminarians and readers, and to the limited number of layfolk and religious whom he had met as their pastor or director, he was unknown. It would seem, however, that it is in the order of Divine Providence that Father Reus should now be made known to the world. How else can one explain the amazing interest that has been shown in him during the past three years? The hundreds of pilgrims who come to pray at his tomb are convinced that Brazil has been blessed in our generation with a great servant of God. This, too, is the conviction of the hundreds of others who have requested relics, and the thousands who have asked for the novena-leaflets which bear his picture, a sketch of his life and a short prayer. The large number of spiritual and temporal favors which have been attributed to Father Reus' intercession would appear to give support to this conviction of the faithful. It is too early to receive any definite pronouncement from ecclesiastical authorities, but the Jesuits of Southern Brazil are praying earnestly that such a pronouncement may come soon and that it may be favorable. Their concern is shared by Very Reverend Father General, who has written to their Province and ordered a thorough examination and documentation of every reported favor, and he added as he did so, "The hand of the Lord has not been shortened."



Chapel of Jesuit Retreat House, Glenmont, New York
Individual seats are the work of Brother Clarence F. Mahlmeister

HISTORICAL NOTES

JESUIT RETREAT HOUSE, GLENMONT

Early in 1945 Mrs. Mary Parker Corning Iglehart, a Protestant, presented the beautiful Old Corning Manor House and Farm to Bishop Gibbons of Albany, New York, as a gift. The Bishop was anxious to see a house of retreats for laymen in his diocese. Realizing that the well-known Corning Estate, with its forty acres of beautiful grounds and its accessibility from downtown Albany, would be a most suitable site, Bishop Gibbons offered the property to Father James P. Sweeney, S.J., Provincial, an old friend and his former altar boy.

When Father C. Justin Hanley, S.J., the first Director of the Retreat House, arrived in September 1945 to begin the work of renovation, he found not a stick of furniture in the mansion, except a wooden kitchen chair painted green and yellow, the Corning racing colors. The chair is still there as a kind of relic of the days when the talk was of politics and horses. Father Raymond Rooney, Chancellor of the Albany Diocese, graciously invited Father Hanley and his assistant, Father Lawrence Atherton, to be his guests at the Chancery, while the new retreat house was being prepared. By the end of October they had obtained a few beds and begun to live at Glenmont. Life was a little on the rugged side during those early months as these few excerpts from the house diary testify:

> October 13, 1945: Father Atherton left to give retreats to students at Convent Station, N. J., and Fordham Downtown School. Before leaving he painted the top of the old station wagon with roofing pitch.
>
> November 15, 1945: Father Atherton painted the room for the private chapel on the third floor.
>
> January 27, 1946: Father Raymond Rooney,

Chancellor of the Albany Diocese had lunch here today with Father Atherton and Father Hanley. He came to see, as he put it, "whether you have been eating, or whether you have lost your can opener."

January 29, 1946: Father McQuade, Provincial, stopped in to see us. As he sinks into one of our three chairs, in one of our two painted rooms, he laughs and says, "Why, this is living in the lap of luxury."

March 2, 1946: Father Atherton, Brother Mahlmeister, and Mr. Ferguson (the caretaker) had the job of carrying all the lumber for the retreat benches and dining tables through the heavy snowdrifts from the hill road to the mansion. It took three hours to do the job. All were exhausted at the end of it.

March 30, 1946: Scrubbed up the floor of the large south-side bedroom; Father Atherton did the scrubbing and scraping—with a coat of alcohol (the non-drinkable kind) the floor showed up in excellent condition.

Since there was no altar or chapel at Glenmont for Mass, the Fathers drove over to Kenwood in the station wagon whose roof leaked despite Father Atherton's ministrations of pitch, and whose many windows could never be shut. This trip enabled them to have breakfast at the convent, a rather welcome treat, since they prepared the other meals over hotplates, with an occasional lunch at the railroad station for diversion.

In January 1946, Brother Clarence F. Mahlmeister, S.J., arrived at Glenmont. With his workshop first located in what is now the chapel, he began to make the beautiful chairs and kneelers and to perform many other wonders of woodworking and cabinet making. The ballroom became a fine chapel under his expert hands. He renovated the right wall of the room to match the paneling on the left one, and made the

unique individual chapel seats which all admire. He also made other chairs, as well as tables and bookcases. The Retreat House owes a great debt of gratitude to Brother Mahlmeister because of the high quality of his workmanship and his personality.

After Father Hanley had overcome the difficult initial stages of renovation and won many friends in the Diocese, he was succeeded in 1946 by Father Edward C. Mulligan, S.J. The new Director had recently been released from the service where he had been overseas as a naval chaplain. Father Mulligan completed the renovations by October. During these months the Fathers at the Retreat House spoke in many churches of the Diocese and started organizing future groups of retreatants. In November Bishop Gibbons formally opened the Retreat House and celebrated Benediction with Father Joseph Murphy, S.J., Provincial of the New York Province, assisting. On that opening day more than five hundred people made a tour of inspection of the house and grounds.

The week-end of December 6, Father Atherton gave the first retreat to a group of men from St. Thomas Parish, Delmar, N. Y. A commemorative plaque with the names of the first retreatants now hangs in the entrance hall. In June 1947 fifty-two pioneer promoters and captains met at the Retreat House to form the Laymen's Retreat League of the Albany Diocese, whose purpose is to advance the retreat movement in that area and to promote retreats at the Glenmont Retreat House.

On September 8, 1948 Father Atherton left to take up his new duties as professor of philosophy at Fordham. Up till then there had been fifty-three retreats at Glenmont, of which Father Atherton had given thirty-one. Father McQuade spoke for all when he said, "Truly I am indebted to him for his great work at Albany. The first days of the Retreat House will always record the debt we owe to him."

Meanwhile in January 1948 Father Mulligan had been transferred to St. Peter's College, Jersey City,

and Father Stephen J. Meany, S.J., chaplain of New York's Sixty-ninth Regiment in the recent war, became the new Director. As chaplain he participated in the invasion of Makin Island advancing inland with the front lines. He saw one of his men wounded and as he went up to help him, he was drilled himself by a Japanese machine gun in his right elbow, chest and shoulder, winning the Silver Star. A book called *Father Meany and the Fighting 69th* has appeared. Father Meany served five years in the Army, and had been Business Manager of *America* and Assistant to the President of Fordham University before taking up his present post at Glenmont. Under his direction attendance is growing and the retreat movement is flourishing in the Albany Diocese. Forty weekend retreats a year are given, and some twelve hundred retreatants attend annually. An attractive four page monthly, *Ignatian Weekend,* goes out to the retreatants and helps maintain their interest throughout the year.

GEORGE ZORN, S.J.

NEW DEAL IN MANILA

Under date of February 20, 1951 Reuters sent out the following dispatch from Manila: "The Rev. Walter B. Hogan, a tough Philadelphia Jesuit priest, has given Manila dock workers a new deal and has broken the monopoly that controlled cargo handling on the Manila waterfront for decades.

"The outstanding feature of the change-over is that the dockers now collect their own pay daily and direct from the employers' cashiers. Payment for work on the waterfront formerly was made in lump sums to union leaders who passed on payment to job captains, thence to gang foremen and finally, after many deductions, to the individual worker.

"Since there has always been a large surplus of available labor, the individual seldom dared to protest

against any deductions. He could not risk the displeasure of the union bosses, on whom his job depended.

"The union bosses were responsible for the number of men actually working in each gang and for reporting and collecting pay for them. Since the union had complete control of the situation, the shipowners or agents seldom dared complain about any possible disparity between the number of men reported and the number actually on the job.

"Father Hogan spotted the dangerous opportunity afforded by this system to a Communist bid for control of the waterfront and set in motion the forces that brought about the change—a change that many feared could not be achieved without serious outbreaks of violence.

"Father Hogan was a member of the Jesuit mission here before the war and returned to Manila in 1946 with a special mission: to teach the Roman Catholic Church's ideas of social justice based on the encyclicals of Leo XIII.

"Working with a young Filipino assistant, Johnny Tan, he met opposition from every direction. Employers saw in this 'meddlesome priest' a threat to their high profits. Trade unions, petty crooks and graft-loving politicians also feared that their own comfortable incomes might be in jeopardy.

"Some workers saw Church interference in labor matters as another scheme being tried by employers and Government further to depress their standards through an illusion of social reform. The tradition of the Church's alliance with the ruling and privileged classes was built up in Manila during 300 years of Spanish colonial control, when the Archbishop of Manila was also the deputy governor of the colony.

"Employers first tried to have Father Hogan silenced by appealing to United States authorities in the islands and to his Jesuit superiors in Manila and New York.

"But as time went on, Father Hogan succeeded in

collecting around him a small group of honest enthusiasts and incipient labor leaders drawn chiefly from the ranks of skilled workers.

"In face of bitter opposition from the former operators, the New Deal has come into force. Time alone can show whether the new leaders will be able to maintain the trust of the men, but if they do, they believe their example cannot fail to exert a strong influence on the conduct of unions and workers elsewhere in the port and city of Manila."

The Philippine Clipper for January 1951 carried the following paragraphs:

"The *Manila Bulletin* for January 5 carried three paragraphs under the caption—27 *Unions ask priest's ouster*. Said the Bulletin, in part: 'Heads of 27 Manila labor unions (sic) jointly urged President Quirino recently to order deportation proceedings against Rev. Fr. Walter Hogan, Jesuit labor priest, for allegedly undermining the local labor movement . . . They also accused the labor priest of allegedly undermining the peace and order program in the Phillippines through use of communistic ideologies and tactics.'

"Father Hogan and the 'Free Worker' have been influential in bringing about the recent new deal along the Manila waterfront. The union which formerly handled the labor and *arrastre* contract had been depriving the workers of their money. It was not uncommon for a man to be deprived of as much as forty per cent of his pay. For example, slingmen working thirteen hours at night would be entitled to approximately eighteen pesos. They would receive only *ten* and the other *eight* would go to the 'union leaders.' The daily operation of the *arrastre* service on Manila's waterfront involves about 1,000 workers. Father Hogan hopes that the good that can be done for them will quickly spread to all the waterfront men.

"In this connection it is interesting to note that another Jesuit, a member of the N. Y. Province, Father Philip Carey, has recently been praised for similar campaigning for New York dock workers. Malcolm

Johnson in his recent book 'Crime on the Labor Front' (McGraw-Hill, publishers) classifies Fr. Carey as 'among the most effective advocates of labor reforms on the New York docks.' Mr. Johnson won the Pulitzer Prize in 1948 for his series 'Crime on the Waterfront' in the New York 'Sun.' "

POLITBURO RETREAT

On Wednesday, October 18, 1950, in a well executed series of raids on several sections of the city of Manila, the Philippine Government's M I S (Military Intelligence Service), assisted by Manila police officials, rounded up 150 Communist suspects. The most satisfactory catch was made in Room 504 in the Samanillo Building on the Escolta. With this raid in the Samanillo Building the nerve center of the Communist movement in the Philippines had been exposed since it included the ranking officials of the Politburo—the local Communist secretariat which directs all Huk operations throughout the Philippines.

After careful screening at Camp Murphy, thirty out of the one hundred fifty suspects were sent to the state penitentiary at Muntinlupa in the province of Rizal. This group, charged with rebellion, murder and arson, numbered twenty-one men and nine women and included the members of the Politburo, namely the Executive Chairman, the Secretary of Finance, the Chief of Research and Propaganda (a member of the Philippine Office of Foreign Affairs), the Chief of Military Operations, the Secretary of Organizational Plans, the Secretary of Education and the Chief of Travel and Communications (a woman). Perhaps no group in the world could be considered as less favorable to a proposal to make the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius or anything even remotely connected with the *Exercises.*

But prayers were asked and an approach was made. Father Weiss canvassed the group at Muntinlupa and

found them not only willing but even anxious to hear a Jesuit expound the Catholic philosophy of life. At first reluctant to listen to talks on religion, later they expressed willingness to hear something about God and his relations to society. The next step was to contact the Government authorities. The Secretary of National Defense, the Secretary of Justice and the Director of the Bureau of Prisons granted the necessary permissions and passes. Father Albert O'Hara, a member of the California Province and an exile from the Jesuit missions in China, was also granted permission to give a talk on Communism in China. Because there were no trials scheduled for the last three days of Holy Week, the retreat was to be given on Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday. The opening points were given at 8:30 Thursday morning. There were four talks each day: 8:30 to 9:30, 10:30 to 11:30, 3:00 to 4:00 and 6:30 to 7:30. As things turned out, interest was so keen that the talks always went over the time allotted and a lively discussion followed every talk. To attend these talks it was necessary that all thirty retreatants be released from their cells to which they returned afterwards.

For readers who might be interested in knowing what form a retreat to Communists might take, the following is a schedule of the talks. First Day, the existence of God (rejection of dialectical materialism and its autodynamism). The existence of a spiritual soul (consideration on Engels' material mind and Marx's conscious will). The use of creatures (economic determinism). The abuse of creatures (private property and the maldistribution of wealth). Second Day. Sin (Marxian ethic, the class struggle). Death (fatalism of materialism). Hell (Communism's false securities). Heaven ("pie in the sky"). Third Day. Need of religion ("the opium of the people"). Redemption and Revolution (revolution of the spirit vs. the spirit of revolution). The Two Standards (Christ, Marx). The Final Victory (Love over Hatred).

It was not possible to give the third day of the re-

treat. At about eight o'clock on Good Friday, towards the end of "evening points" the prison was alerted. It was learned that the Huks intended to stage a raid whose main purpose was to release the members of the Politburo. Quick action was necessary. All thirty retreatants were hurried off to Manila where they were put aboard a ship anchored in the Bay.

At present I am making contacts with the military authorities and hope to resume the experiment by pitting the book of the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius against the "Communist Manifesto" of Marx and Engels. I am engaging the enemy at close range.

ARTHUR A. WEISS, S.J.

THE MISSIONARY

One may truly say that life on the missions is the final test of the vows which are the life-engagement of the religious. The missionary is not only a poor man, but he suffers in all instances some privation, and in the majority of instances great privation of personal needs. Much more trying, however, than any personal wants is the lack of those material aids without which he sees opportunities for good lost forever. In order that his engagement of priestly and religious chastity be not infringed, he has to use with more than ordinary fidelity every resource provided for him by the rules and the traditions of the religious life, since a solitary life and exposure to every possible situation bring their dangers. Not only is his entire missionary

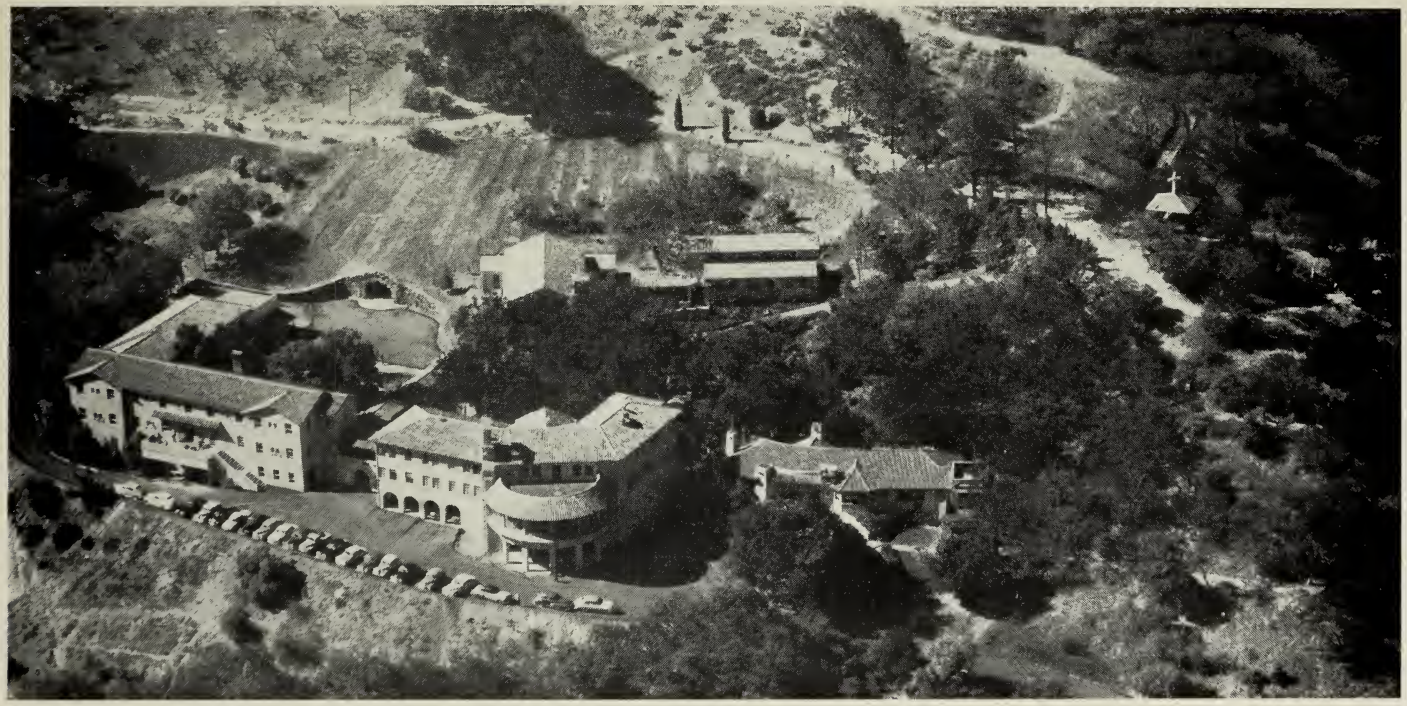
enterprise an act of direct obedience undertaken in response to the call of the supreme authority of the Church, the Holy See, by whom the mission fields and their personnel are designated, but a spirit penetrated with the high ideal that this vow sets before him is necessary, if his life-work is not to be ruined by pettiness and self-will.

In the popular conception, the missionary's life is pictured as a spectacular life-gesture, which begins and ends with a grand act of courage. That he needs courage, both moral and physical, is plain enough. However, in its actual working, it is a daily fare rather of endless patience, endurance of numberless trifles, quiet acceptance of petty snubs and of situations that seem anything but heroic, and a good solid substratum of plain hard work, all the year round, which is more than ordinarily flavored with monotony. Above all he needs an infinite reservoir of charity. It is not enough to love the world or the mission-field in the abstract, it has to be loved in the particular, with the rind on, so to speak, and sometimes the rind is not very palatable. The great broad considerations of charity are not what count: it is the application to the individual, in the concrete.

Then there is loneliness. The rare type of man who is a natural born solitary is a natural born failure, as a rule, in the mission life. It is as hard, if you are dressed in a cassock, to be ten thousand miles away from the United States, in strange climates, amid queer languages, queerer smells, hot suns and assorted creepers and crawlers by day and night, as if you are garbed in a palm-beach suit. The memory of home, kindred, country and friends grows rather than lessens with isolation.

For a man who has spent most of his life in the mission field, one memory stands out above all others. It is not the memory of hardships, which, after all, are only a momentary impulse to greater trust in God, and greater compassion for poor mankind. Nor is it the thought of the joy with which God can reward long and patient efforts or the satisfaction of seeing sodden apathy, degradation and despair change to a world of happiness, intelligence and hope. But it is the recollection of the companionship of one's own religious family: of persons, grown dear by knowledge and experience and mutual forbearance, and of deeds, which can only be understood by those who have labored in common for a common goal. The greatest privation for the missionary, outside of being reduced to inactivity by sickness, is that of being deprived of the company of his fellows. There is no greater help and satisfaction than such companionship, where God's work permits it to exist, and, as in all other phases of the mission life, that which is granted far outweighs all that of which one is deprived.

FATHER JOHN LAFARGE



EL RETIRO SAN INIGO

Jesuit Retreat House, Overlooking Santa Clara Valley, Forty Miles South of San Francisco
Founded in 1925 by Father Joseph R. Stack

OBITUARY

FATHER JOSEPH R. STACK, S.J.

1879-1950

The writing of an Obituary is greatly simplified when, as in the present instance, the subject has left a fairly complete diary, clearly written and carefully arranged.

Father Joseph R. Stack was born in San Francisco on January 12, 1879. For some reason, which he does not mention, he attended Lincoln Grammar, famous in its day, and would have continued his education at another public school had not his father and mother insisted that he register at St. Ignatius College. This he did "rather unwillingly," as he notes, "and I would have left the school had I been permitted to do so. But my parents were determined that I should remain. By the end of the year I had become quite attached to the college. The Scholastics especially appealed to me."

Little did he then realize that this determination of his parents shaped the whole future course of his life, for during that year the idea of entering the Society of Jesus developed. He and a sister who was also trying to settle her vocation (she later joined the Little Sisters of the Poor) made the Novena to St. Francis Xavier. Father writes: "On the last night of the novena, whilst praying during Benediction, I seemed to hear a voice say to me distinctly 'You are to be a Jesuit.' " Another sister entered the Dominican Community of San Rafael and a niece became a Maryknoll Sister.

There was but one obstacle to his entrance, and that a serious one: his poor health. As a boy he had always been delicate, suffering greatly from asthma and frequently missing class in consequence. Doctors and superiors were skeptical about his ability to live the life of the Society. Others thought to take a chance,

and their counsel prevailed. However, doubts as to the advisability of his continuance became more pronounced because of continued ill health during the novitiate. His vows were delayed for nine months. An accident on the ball field accentuated his poor condition and started a series of headaches from which he never fully recovered.

In an entry made in 1943 Father Stack notes with gratitude to God that he has outlived many of his sturdier companions, though "the going has been pretty rough at times: several major operations, ten minor ones and a deal of bronchial asthma made life hard enough."

During his entire course Father Stack could never apply himself to his books for any length of time, but a quick mind and a retentive memory made it possible for him by attendance at lectures and by out-of-class discussions, to acquire much that others secure only by formal study. With the readiness of speech that was his he used to full advantage the knowledge he had thus attained.

His were the days when juniors were often called upon to teach before beginning philosophy. In the spirit of the times, and because of poor health, Father Stack began his regency at Santa Clara. Discipline was rigid, prefecting extremely confining, the prevailing system requiring "that wherever there were boys there must be a prefect, one at least, and perhaps several." This told on his nerves. In 1905 he began philosophy at Spokane, returning to Santa Clara upon its completion. The next was a trying year, but was offset by a change to Gonzaga College, where, as he remarks, "I spent one of the most pleasant years of my life (so that) I was really sorry when told to go to theology in 1910."

Woodstock was always dear to Father Stack. He treasured the remembrance of his four years there with delight. Ill health made studies difficult. Nevertheless, he passed his *Ad Grad,* as he was informed by the Rector, "with considerable distinction."

Since at this period of his life he seemed to enjoy

better health in the Northwest, he was sent to Spokane, then to our parish in Missoula, interrupting his stay there to make his tertianship at Los Gatos, and returning to take over the pastorate at Missoula. His stay of four years was not a peaceful one, disturbed as it was by the determination of the Bishop to divide the parish, and further complicated by a difference of opinion as to procedure, which arose between himself and Father Provincial. All three are now with God nor is there any need of recounting the controversy.

Missoula was followed by a year at Tacoma and then Father Stack was assigned to what was to prove to be his major life's work: the founding of two retreat houses in California and the giving of laymen's retreats.

If there be a vocation within a vocation in the Society it may be said that lay retreats were the special vocation of Father Stack. In these he did his greatest work and in this ministry he will be best remembered.

"I had felt from my earliest days in the Society," he writes, "that sooner or later I would be given a chance at this kind of work. Hence I tried to learn what I could about the Spiritual Exercises and the proper way of handling them. I have always tried to stay close to the Spiritual Exercises, and this no matter what group I was addressing."

He certainly "was given a chance at this kind of work." Apart from giving many retreats to nuns and students, and assisting the Maryknoll Sisters in inaugurating retreats for women at Mountain View, California, he gave the first retreat for laymen at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, setting a pattern which has been followed to this day. He also gave a retreat for men at Port Townsend, Washington, hoping thus to establish a retreat house for the Seattle area, but the attempt proved abortive.

Later at Santa Monica, California, he conducted a retreat under pioneering conditions which had much

to do with the furtherance of retreats in the Southland and eventually led to the formation of the Loyola Laymen's Retreat Association and the establishment of Manresa of the West.

In Phoenix, Arizona, while conducting a retreat for men, he notes a temptation to depart a bit from the Exercises which was occasioned by the Question Box, there in vogue. He writes: "There is no doubt that the men enjoy this departure from the Exercises. I have been wondering whether it would be wise to have it, say during the last hour before supper on the last day of the retreat." He never introduced the practice nor did he finally approve it.

Father Stack's retreats to priests were well received. These he gave over the years in the dioceses of Tucson, San Diego, Portland, Oregon, Baker City, and Spokane.

The story of the lay retreat movement in the United States is an interesting one and has deep roots in California. Father Stack continuously sought to vindicate for his native state the prerogative of having inaugurated the movement, and with this in mind he wrote and spoke largely on the subject. But, as so often is the case, the controversy was *multum de verbis*. A clear definition would have obviated much discussion. The development of laymen's retreats in California, however, is definitely bound up with the activities of Father Stack. This is beyond dispute.

For years, summer retreats had been held at Santa Clara, but in the early twenties, the time had come for the establishment of a house for all year round retreats. Father Stack was assigned the task, a delightful one to him. By a stroke of good fortune, or ought we not rather say, in answer to earnest prayer and after diligent search, he happened upon what many deem the most beautiful retreat house site in America: El Retiro San Inigo at Los Altos, located 37 miles south of San Francisco, in the hills, overlooking the charming Santa Clara Valley.

The site was purchased in December 1924. The first retreat was held in April 1925. Archbishop Edward J. Hanna gave enthusiastic approval to the work, declaring it to be one of "the finest things the Jesuits have done in my archdiocese."

Father Stack's personality, his determination in face of difficulties, his unusual ability as a retreat master, all these gave an impetus to the movement which continues to this day. He built for the future in his retreat program and he built well. He knew that oaks do not grow overnight. He was patient and willing to wait. Gladly he gave retreats at the outset to as few as five or six, certain that in due time the numbers would assume larger proportions.

Two things he insisted upon with unrelenting severity: that the retreat should last three full days and that silence should be observed throughout the entire retreat, except for a brief recreation period each night after supper.

Many there were who said that he was too demanding, that so strict a schedule could not be observed, that men could not be induced to come for three days, that only the rich or the white collars could make such a retreat. Time has proven all these contentions wrong. The weekly average at El Retiro is now well up to sixty or seventy, with occasional retreats for as many as one hundred, and these are drawn from every walk of life: rich and poor, employer and employee, artisans and mechanics, professional men and unskilled laborers.

But this writing purports to be the life story of Father Stack and not an account of the retreat movement in California.

In 1928, Father Stack attended the First National Laymen's Retreat Conference, held that year in Philadelphia. Very few were present. Later, in 1946, he attended a similar conference in Boston and could rejoice at the tremendous growth of the movement in the interim. One thing, however, gave him great concern: the attitude of not a few of Ours towards these

conferences revealed by their apathy and by their absence. To the objection raised by some that "we have nothing to gain by attending these conferences" Father replied: "Perhaps we have something to contribute. After all, we have the Spiritual Exercises and St. Ignatius is the heavenly patron of the Retreat Movement." He took a wider view of the subject too and felt that Ours should cooperate in the movement as one of far reaching consequences for the general good of the Church.

After seven years as Superior at Los Altos, when the retreat house was well established, Father Stack was sent to Santa Barbara, first as assistant and later as pastor, continuing as such for nine fruitful years. It was during this incumbency that he attended the Eucharistic Congress at Manila, having previously made a pilgrimage with the Knights of Columbus to Lourdes and Rome.

Santa Barbara is quite a city for civic functions, clubs, town halls and the like, and Father was in constant demand as a speaker. His ease of expression, his vivacious manner, his interest in the social problems, his concern about the evils of the day, all these combined to render his addresses both interesting and profitable and to bring great prestige to the Society and to the Church. His memory is still treasured in that city.

Returning to Los Altos to enjoy what he thought would be a long period of quiet apostolate among the retreatants, he was unconsciously garnering strength for what was to prove to be his final contribution to the retreat movement in California: the establishment of a permanent retreat house in the Los Angeles area.

This was a far more difficult assignment than the founding of El Retiro. Conditions were entirely different. Yet, with high courage and firm resolve he looked over twenty-three possible locations, to eventually decide upon Manresa of the West, situated near Azusa, some 25 miles from Los Angeles Civic Center.

Here, too, though both the Passionists and the Fran-

ciscans were conducting large retreat houses on a two-day basis, he insisted upon the three-day tradition which had been inaugurated by the late Father Joseph Sullivan for the summer retreats long held at Loyola. As at Los Altos, so at Manresa, the beginnings have not been easy, but the prospect is equally substantial and time will again prove the wisdom of the decision.

But the work and the worry of this latest undertaking were taxing a physique far from robust. The years, too, were mounting, fifty-one of which had now been spent in the Society. In October of 1947, he suffered a slight stroke and was ordered to rest, but he did not give over. In December of that year a severe attack of the flu weakened him still further. He had planned to give the retreat of January 29. His final entry reads: "The virus struck me again last night and I have been in my room all day trying to beat it down. Hope I am well for Thursday." He needed but to compare the handwriting of this entry with that of the first in his diary to note the danger signal. He did give the retreat, but it was the last he ever gave. In mid-February of 1948 he was again stricken, this time more severely, losing to a considerable degree the power of speech and of locomotion.

Hospitalized first at Burbank and later at San Francisco, his condition never really improved to any extent. Months were spent in the infirmary at Los Gatos and at Santa Clara. The days dragged on tediously for one who had been so active, but he remained cheerful in spite of a discouraging incapacity. Whether or not, inwardly, he was aware of the hopelessness of a final recovery is difficult to say, for he repeatedly contended that he would give retreats again. But it was not to be.

In early August, 1950, he suffered the severest stroke of all. For two weeks he lingered in a comatose condition and then, on August 16 went quietly to a great reward.

Looking back over long years of acquaintance with Father Stack, the remembrance is clear of his intense devotion to Holy Church and to the Society. He was

greatly concerned about the spiritual and temporal welfare of each, and to the services of both he gave his best energies. His inability to remain long at a desk compelled him to seek relief in the frequent companionship whether of Ours or of parishioners, of friends or of retreat house neighbors. His genial manner, his sprightly conversation, his wide range of topics made him a welcome visitor among a large circle of friends. He used to the utmost the talents God had given him, was generous of his time, worked up to the limit of his capacity and was buoyant in spite of his many ailments.

Weaknesses of character there were, as there are in every one, but what purpose it would serve to comment on these in an obituary notice is difficult to see. Faults are not for imitation, and need but be known if only in the abstract, to be avoided.

The traditional low Mass of Requiem was offered for Father Stack by Very Reverend Father Provincial Joseph D. O'Brien, in the Mission Chapel of the University of Santa Clara; interment was in the community plot in the Santa Clara cemetery.

ZACHEUS J. MAHER, S.J.

EL RETIRO

The death of Father Stack occurred in the same year as the silver jubilee of El Retiro San Iñigo of which he was the founder and where he was Superior and retreat master for seven years. At the time of his death and owing largely to his efforts El Retiro can offer the following concrete evidences of progress and development.

When Father Giacobbi offered the first Mass there on March 15, 1925, there were only the Wellman mansion and a log cabin to house Jesuits and retreatants. Now there are the thirty-room dormitory building (1928), the Rossi Memorial Chapel (1929), St. Robert's Hall on the recently acquired Prosser property, Marini Hall and Pereira Hall (the last three all constructed since 1941).

The first year listed 29 retreats totaling 225 retreatants. The jubilee year listed 59 retreats and 3,766 retreatants, including 130 non-Catholics.

FATHER GEORGE A. GILBERT

1874-1950

Requiem Mass for the soul of Reverend George A. Gilbert, S.J., nationally known botanist and horticulturist was celebrated by Very Reverend Father Provincial, Joseph D. O'Brien, S.J., in the Mission Church, on the University of Santa Clara campus, Thursday, July 13, 1950. Interment was in the Jesuit plot in the Santa Clara Catholic Cemetery. Having enjoyed good health during his fifty-four years in the Society, Father Gilbert died after a short illness at the O'Connor Hospital in San Jose, July 10.

Born in San Jose, March 14, 1874, Father Gilbert graduated from San Jose High School and San Jose Normal. He entered the Society of Jesus on June 10, 1896, and spent the next five years at the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, Los Gatos. After completing his juniorate studies, he was sent to Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, for his philosophy.

In 1906 he was assigned to teach physics at Old Saint Ignatius, now the University of San Francisco, and after three years in the classroom returned to Gonzaga University where he pursued his studies in theology. He was ordained a priest in St. Aloysius Church, Spokane, by His Lordship, the Right Reverend Edward J. O'Dea, Bishop of Seattle, on June 29, 1911. His tertianship was made at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

During the next three years he acted as Assistant Pastor at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Missoula, Montana. The Catalogue shows that his duties there were many, for besides being Procurator, he was also Director of Studies in the High School, moderator of Sodalities, director of St. John Berchmans Sanctuary Society, director of dramatics, athletics, and prefect of the choir. In 1916 he was made General Prefect of Discipline and Athletics at Gonzaga University. In 1917 he returned to St. Ignatius College, San Francisco,

where he taught physics in the college and high school until 1924. In the fall of 1924 Father was assigned to Loyola University in Los Angeles, and continued his work in the classroom as professor of physics in the college and high school. He likewise was Moderator of Athletics, Confessor of the House, and Consultor. Father remained in Los Angeles until the fall of 1930.

From the fall of 1930 until his death on July 10, 1950, Father was attached to the University of Santa Clara. For seven years, from 1930 to 1937, he acted as prefect in Nobili Hall, and taught mathematics and religion.

At Santa Clara Father was able to devote his spare time, and eventually his full time to the care of the Campus Gardens, and the Galtes Memorial Museum.

Following up his hobby as a botanist and horticulturist which he adopted during his high school days in San Jose, Father set to work and classified all campus trees and flowers with metal markers. He was well known as the Curator of the Mission Gardens, and has made it one of the area's beauty spots.

He earned considerable campus fame for his guided tours of the University Gardens and took great pride in his Rose Garden. It was while working with Reverend George M. Schiener, known as the "Padre of the Roses," that he developed a deep crimson rose which he named "The Santa Clara."

Each spring it was his custom to play host to flower lovers from all over the State—and to exhibit his famous collection of "California Wild Flowers," which he had collected himself on various tours through the State.

It was a most common sight to see Father conducting groups of school children through the gardens and museum, and he has done much to build up in the minds of the young, the romance of the Missions of California.

For over ten years Father acted as chaplain to the Carmelite Sisters of Santa Clara, celebrating Mass for

them daily, and assisting at all their Benedictions in the Carmelite Chapel.

Father Gilbert's life, filled with good deeds during his fifty-four years in the Society, his closeness to God while working amongst his flowers, and the prayers of appreciation said by the Carmelite Sisters for his attentive service, fortified him in his last illness, and prepared him for his eternal rest and peace with God.

HUGH C. DONAVON, S.J.

MR. JAMES J. WALSH

1926-1948

James J. Walsh, S.J., died suddenly on March 20, 1948, at St. Francis Xavier High School, New York City, while playing basketball with some of his students. He was twenty-two years old, and only four and a half years in the Society. That is not a long time, but quite long enough for him to have attained many of the high ideals set by himself and the Society.

Mr. Walsh was born on February 22, 1926 at St. Albans, Long Island. On graduation from St. Catherine's Grammar School, he won four scholarships to high schools, and chose Brooklyn Prep. There he was an outstanding student, and was active in extracurriculars, literary, athletic and spiritual. He graduated in August, 1943, and was awarded the gold letters of Brooklyn Prep as the most representative student of the class.

He had long desired to become a priest, and during his high school years, a Jesuit. On August 14, 1943, he entered the Society of Jesus at St. Andrew-on-Hudson. For the next two years, he was one of seventy, unassuming, generous and friendly novices. In the juniorate, his fine qualities of mind and soul became more apparent. Though somewhat handicapped by a lack of Greek studies, it did not take him long to make

up the lost time. He had a flair for appreciation and composition which made his literary studies a delight. Once he had begun to find his own way, he directed his talents to the help of others. His characteristic generosity and friendliness led him to aid those less gifted. During an entire month, he daily digested the three classes for one of the juniors who was ill. Those in the infirmary were the special object of his thoughtfulness, and his visits, sparked by his keen wit and conversation, were most welcome.

Towards the end of his juniorate, Mr. Walsh was writing the Latin panegyric on St. Robert Bellarmine, when he was informed that he was to take his oral examinations in five days. He had lost the sight of his left eye in childhood, and superiors had decided on a series of operations. It is a tribute to his ability and his resignation that he succeeded in delivering the sermon and doing well in the oral examinations.

The next six or seven weeks were spent in the hospital and infirmary with a great deal of suffering and inconvenience. In July 1947, he came to Woodstock for philosophy; but in September there was another operation in New York. The first week after the operation was one of intense pain, but he never once mentioned his sufferings or annoyance. He made a definite effort, in spite of his discomfort, to become an active part of the community in which he was staying. This operation was not successful, and another attempt was necessary. Though keenly disappointed, he never complained, a masterly piece of resignation to the Will of God. While recovering, he offered his services to the other Scholastics; and spent a substantial part of his day with one of the Fathers who was a partial invalid.

In November, he returned to Woodstock, and it was decided that he should finish the remainder of the year as a regent. At Thanksgiving, Mr. Walsh was teaching Latin, civics, and religion to the freshmen at Xavier High School. Naturally he was somewhat apprehensive because of his lack of training, but he

resolved his doubts by a firm act of trust in God. His gratitude for the help given by the other regents was sincere; and in return he was anxious to do something for them,—to proctor an examination, or to substitute for a sick teacher. In February he became moderator of the track team, a source of special delight to him. Into all of his activities he poured an enthusiasm that was both prudent and wholehearted. And behind all his actions was the dominant motive of doing something for God. A hint of his own ideals and motives can be gained from the chance lines of a letter: "It seems to me that our sanctification is going to come down very much to a few simple ideas. We love God; we love men in the only way that matters, i.e., by helping them to Heaven. It all seems so simple at times. We Jesuits are here to help people to Heaven. Everything else in life flows from these two ideas."

On Saturday morning, March 20, 1948, he held a special class for some of his poorer students. After lunch he invited the other scholastics to play basketball with the boys. About thirty minutes later, he collapsed on the floor. He was dead before priest or doctor could arrive.

The good he accomplished especially during his last few months of life can be partly measured by the sorrow of his classes and of the members of the Jesuit community. For his students, he was something of an idol and model; for the Jesuits, a devoted and observant brother in Christ. God had called a man who was obviously most ready to answer the summons. He had a fine sense of balance in his spiritual and active life. His generosity, his zeal and his thoughtfulness all sprang from those two principles: "We love God, and we love men by helping them to Heaven."

WILLIAM C. MCCUSKER, S.J.

BROTHER JAMES L. KILMARTIN

1887-1950

Brother James L. Kilmartin died piously in the Lord at 10:55 P.M. on August 16, 1950, in the sixty-third year of his age, the thirty-third of his religious life, and in the twenty-eighth year as Provincial *Socius Coadjutor.*

James L. Kilmartin, the son of Thomas and Bridget O'Brien Kilmartin, was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, July 2, 1887, the youngest of six children—four boys and two girls. He was educated in the public schools of that city. As a boy he was an athlete of some distinction, and he kept his enthusiasm for sports through all his years. He had a shrewd, active mind and could illustrate his conclusions and observations by comparisons from baseball or football with an aptitude that was quite unique. Many of his characterizations in this field became minor classics so that a quotation from "Brother Kil" could win a smile, that was sure, and very often a recognition of finality, a sureness that the last and best word had been said. Of his own prowess he said little, but legends grew and featured him as the pitching or home run hero in games that found him pitted against other high school stars, later to be met as his brothers in Christ in the Society.

After graduating from Somerville High School, James Kilmartin enrolled in a business school and took the course in typewriting, stenography, etc. This was to prove a real asset to him in the work that God had marked out for him in the future. After completing this course he took the examination for Government service and obtained appointment to the Post Office Department. He remained about ten years in this service for which he always retained a great esteem, and with whose members he ever maintained cordial relations. His ability was recognized and he gained advancement in the service. It is believed that

just before he resigned from the Department he was employed as a "trouble shooter," placating those who had a complaint about mail delivery, etc. In later years, if one made adverse comments about the mail service, the good Brother would make a little speech about the intricacies of sorting, directing, and delivering. So convincing was his portrayal of the almost perfect record of poor, overworked, tired, fallible human nature in this regard that one found himself forgetting his grievance. This loyalty to his former service was but a feeble shadow of the loyalty he was to display in that service of the Master, to which God was about to call him.

Brother Kilmartin does not seem to have discussed his spiritual life with any but his spiritual advisers, so we have no details about his call to the religious life. However, in the years when, as *Socius Coadjutor,* he interviewed Lay Brother applicants, he held fast to the opinion that an applicant who had the ability and energy to obtain and hold "a job," might be presumed to have a spiritual motive and to be useful to the Society and find in it that self-fulfilment which Christ promised to His true followers, whereas an applicant who was not of that calibre would need to give proof that he was a bona fide "prospect," and not one who was just seeking "a port in a storm." That bit of methodology, plus fifty other reasons, indicates that it was from a spiritual motive, and by reason of the grace of God working in his soul, that James Kilmartin sought admission into the Society, in his twenty-ninth year, and at a time when he was doing very well as far as material welfare was concerned.

Fr. Maas was Provincial at the time that James Kilmartin made his application. He was favorably impressed by the applicant and sent him to St. Andrew-on-Hudson to begin his postulancy. Brother Kilmartin formally began his noviceship on May 13, 1917, about two months before his thirtieth birthday. On the completion of the usual two years of noviceship, he pronounced the first vows of the Society. After

a few months as a *coadjutor veteranus* at Poughkeepsie, he was sent to Woodstock College in 1919, where he acted as wardrobe custodian, and at times as assistant buyer, until the year 1922.

In a letter dated June 24, 1921 Father General had decreed that the territory of New England should be separated from Maryland-New York to become a vice province still under the general supervision of the Maryland-New York Provincial. On July 31, 1921, Fr. Patrick F. O'Gorman was named Vice-Provincial of New England, "Regio Novae Angliae" as it was designated in the catalogue. Fr. O'Gorman carried on for a full year without any designated assistant at Boston College, which was the official residence, the College supplying secretarial assistance when need required it. After a year, however, the volume of business correspondence, etc., in the now functioning Vice-Province required the appointment of an assistant who would give full time to the details of office work. Father Laurence J. Kelly, the then Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, chose Brother Kilmartin to be this assistant and, after calling him to New York for an interview, sent him on to Boston to begin his duties as *Socius Coadjutor*. The diary of Father Minister at Boston College has this notation under date of September 27, 1933: "Brother Kilmartin and Brother Ramspacher arrived this morning. Brother Kilmartin is to be Brother Socius to Father Vice-Provincial." The Brother Ramspacher mentioned here is, of course, the dean of *Coadjutores Socii*, and no one could be better fitted to brief the "tyro" Socius on the duties and obligations of that office.

For the next four years Brother Kilmartin was the Father Vice-Provincial's "memory and good right hand," as a priest Socius was not appointed until December, 1926, after the New England Province had been fully erected, and a provincial named. Brother Kilmartin's previous training and experience stood him in good stead now, and he set himself to organiz-

ing and systematizing the office procedure to the end that it might function smoothly and almost automatically. He was a perfectionist, and all through the long tenure of office he was constantly on the watch for methods which might expedite or improve the functioning of that office. Official announcements and communications had to go out at the appointed times, be correctly typed or mimeographed, and go by the most expeditious route. His former Post Office experience and constant contact with former co-workers helped him enormously in this drive for the best and surest procedure. He made himself a most important cog in the wheels of administrative efficiency of the Provincial Curia.

Though the office of *Socius Coadjutor* was really his life's work, in which he spent practically all of his religious life—twenty-eight out of thirty-three years—there is not much that one can say of these years which were necessarily concerned with work that was confidential, except that he proved himself to be an *operarius inconfusibilis*. The fact that he held this position of trust through all the administrations from the very beginnings of the Province is ample proof that he merited the trust reposed in him. This was further evidenced on the occasion of the celebration of his silver jubilee in that office, when all the Provincials and Socii of the New England Province—past and present—gathered to show their esteem of the Brother and express their appreciation of his services.

He was first and foremost a good religious, ever most faithful and careful in his spiritual duties; and he tried by example and counsel to be a steadying influence on those of his grade who seemed to be in need of encouragement. He had sound common sense, and he became a rather keen judge of character. Towards superiors he was obedient and unassuming, and he never betrayed the trust that they reposed in him. Towards externs—doctors, surgeons, tradesmen, and others with whom he came in contact in the carrying out of his duties—he was always courteous; and he

gained their respect and esteem. Towards Ours he was ever a brother in Christ, and it is not an exaggeration to say that he was loved and esteemed by all.

Though bothered by diabetes during the last ten years of his life, Brother Kilmartin maintained his robust physique and boundless energy. However, during the last year of his life, he consistently lost weight and consequently his energy and enthusiasm flagged. He entered the hospital in May, 1950, and underwent a long and serious operation on June 10. The doctors were optimistic about his complete recovery, but his diabetic condition had so taken its toll that he was not able to rally sufficiently. On August 16, 1950, after more than two months of intense suffering, which he bore with edifying patience and resignation to the will of God, this true son of St. Ignatius died.

Brother Kilmartin's funeral was held at St. Ignatius' Church, Boston College, on August 19, and the great number of Ours from all houses of the Province attested to the esteem and affection in which he was held by his brothers of the Province which he served so faithfully, and in the establishing of which he had no small part.

JAMES M. KILROY, S.J.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC ACTION

During the coming summer the twenty-first session of the Sodality-sponsored "Summer School of Catholic Action" will be held in eight cities of the United States, from New York to Oregon and from Missouri to Texas. Intensive courses will be conducted for one week in St. Louis (June 11-16), Omaha (June 18-23), Duluth (June 25-30), Spokane (July 9-14), Houston (July 30-Aug. 4), Erie (Aug. 13-18), New York (Aug. 20-25) and Chicago (Aug 27-Sept. 1). The courses will be built around the Annual Statement of the Bishops of the United States, "Citizen of Two Worlds." The theme of this year's S. S. C. A. will be the supreme importance of Religion in the formation of the Christian Citizen.

Books of Interest to Ours

NEW TRANSLATION OF EXERCISES

The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius; A new translation based on studies in the language of the Autograph. *By Louis J. Puhl, S.J.* Westminster, Maryland, The Newman Press, 1951. xv—216 pp. $2.25.

Not striving to translate literally, for that has been well done by Morris, Ambruzzi, Rickaby, and Longridge in recent years, Father Puhl's intention was to produce a clear, idiomatic, and readable translation which would render the true meaning of the original Spanish. He matches "idea with idea, Spanish idiom with corresponding English idiom, Spanish sentence structure with English sentence structure, and the quaint forms of the original with the forms common at present." He has broken up long rambling constructions and made shorter separate sentences of them. The constantly recurring participial construction, so characteristic of St. Ignatius' Spanish, has generally been rendered in English by a finite form of the verb. Thus, at the conclusion of the "Principle and Foundation," *solamente deseando y eligiendo* becomes, "Our one desire and choice should be what is more conducive to the end for which we are created."

Father Puhl avoids the practice of transliterating Spanish words into their English cognates, for, he claims, this is the source of many errors, does not faithfully express the thought of the Spanish, and develops a technical, esoteric terminology which discourages use of the *Exercises.* The Spanish *annotaciones* become in English, "Introductory Observations." To justify this, Father Puhl says, "What St. Ignatius meant by *annotaciones* is clear from examining them. That they are to serve as some kind of introduction is clearly stated in the title. Evidently, therefore, they are introductory observations and that is what we have called them. 'Annotation' has not such a meaning in current English and apparently never did have."

In like manner the familiar "composition of place" (*composicion viendo el lugar*) becomes "Mental representation of the place"; "Election" (*eleccion*) becomes "Choice of a way of life," and Father Puhl devotes an entire page to his justification of this translation, quoting Nonell's *Estudio Sobre el Texto,* and Allison Peer's *Studies of the Spanish Mystics* to support him.

In a six-page preface, the author sets forth the *apologia* for his translation, and in an appendix of thirty-seven pages gives in each case the reasons for the translation adopted when it differs from the traditional wording. Father Puhl, who is professor of ascetical theology and spiritual father at the

Pontifical College Josephinum, Worthington, Ohio, reveals himself as a careful and competent Ignatian scholar in his preface and appendix and as a man who did not lightly decide how to translate any passage. All will be grateful to him for the production of a smooth, modern translation faithful to St. Ignatius' thought. We may be disturbed at times by the unfamiliar phrases he presents, but this is all to the good if it sends us back to the literal version and the autograph and results in closer personal study of the *Exercises*.

It remains to be said that the convenient marginal numbering of the paragraphs first employed in the Marietti edition of 1928 is also a feature of this new translation. The use of this standard numbering system is increasing, and it is convenient for referring to the *Exercises*, and making cross references. The typography and format of the book are very attractive, but St. Ignatius' golden little book emerges as far from little under Newman's lavish treatment. The edition is at least twice the size of the Morris edition. And the beautiful little 1928 Marietti edition is only one-fifth the size of Newman's present issue, yet it rivals the American edition in its excellent paper, binding, and large, crisp, readable type. And Marietti contains both the Spanish and Latin versions!

GEORGE ZORN, S.J.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

Pathfinders of Christ. *Edited by C. Desmond Ford, S.J.* Burns Oates, 1948. vii—111 pp. 7s 6d.

Saints As Guides. *Edited by C. Desmond Ford, S.J.* Burns Oates, 1949. viii—130 pp. 6s.

Ours who work with adolescents will find these two volumes worth their weight in gold. Father Ford (English Province) has gathered in each of the volumes, one for Scouts and the other for Girl Guides, biographies of ten Saints who exemplify the virtues to which the young should aspire. For the boys there are Thomas More, Camillus de Lellis, Tarsicius, John Bosco, Peter Claver, Ignatius of Loyola, Francis of Assisi, Isaac Jogues, John the Baptist and Paul of Tarsus. The models for the Girl Guides are our Blessed Mother, Joan of Arc, Teresa of Avila, Zita, Frances Xavier Cabrini, Elizabeth of Hungary, Bernadette, Teresa of Lisieux, Clare of Assisi and Mary Magdalen. That eminent Doctor of Hagiography, Father C. C. Martindale, has written a prologue for each of the volumes. These prologues, "Looking to Our Lord" and "Into Their Com-

pany," are excellent essays and should be read by all who are interested in the lives of Saints as practical means of spiritual development. When books are labeled as these are for young people, publishers should clarify the significance of the label. Certainly in the case of these two books the label "For Adolescents" should be qualified by a strong *sensu aiente.* Adults, lay and religious, will read these lives with pleasure and spiritual profit.

J. J. N.

GOLD MINE OF REFLFECTIONS

Living the Mass. *By F. Desplanques, S.J.* Translated by Sister Maria Constance, Sister of Charity of Halifax. Westminster, Md., The Newman Press, 1951. 180 pp. $2.75.

As we all know from sad experience, our appreciation of even the most sacred and momentous spiritual actions can have its keen edge dulled by daily repetition. The Mass, unfortunately, is no exception to this law of human frailty. Hence it is necessary that at regular intervals we stimulate ourselves to a fresh realization of the rich spiritual significance hidden in the words and actions of the Mass. The present work, well translated from the French of Fr. Desplanques (Province of Champagne) and attractively printed, comes the nearest to answering this need of any book we have seen in recent years. It is a gold mine of richly suggestive reflections on the words and actions of the Mass, following it step by step in the form of a continuous meditative commentary. The ingenious typographical arrangement of the text, disposing the key thoughts or words in distinct sense lines, is in itself an invitation and a help to meditation.

The dominant themes running through the commentary are the active union of the people with the priest on the altar, the social solidarity of all Catholics welded together in the unity of the Mystical Body by participation in the common action and the common Food of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and above all the continuity of our vital participation in the Mass with our daily life outside the Mass. Hence the apt subtitle: "The Ordinary of the Mass and the Ordinary of Life." The added subtitle of the French edition, "The Mass for Those Who Are Not Priests," indicates its special appropriateness for our Scholastics and Brothers. But a few merely verbal adaptations make it equally valuable for priests.

W. Norris Clarke, S.J.

DIVINE PAGEANT

His Passion Forever. *By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.* Milwaukee, Bruce Publishing Company, 1951. xi—135 pp. $2.00

Not the least talent of Father Lord (Chicago Province) is his universally acknowledged proficiency as a writer and director of drama. The dramatist's objective is to convey to an audience "the illusion of the first time." In this excellent book we have such a presentation of the Passion. But it is no illusion. We, the audience, are made to realize how truly we participate in this divine and continuing pageant of Christ's suffering. Father Lord's applications are not vague. Some readers might find them plain-spoken to the extent of tactlessness. Such readers might remember that the Passion is the drama of Our Lord's tactlessness. After his introduction Father Lord presents his long "Cast of Characters" and shows how each is, so to speak, the prototype of some modern type of man or woman. There are the cowards and the villians, the heroes and heroines, the mob and the tragic chorus. The interludes, with two exceptions, are constructed around the last words of Christ on the cross. (Tre-ore preachers note for future reference.) In a book that is consistently interesting and worth-while the reader will find the interlude "Villainy Changes the Plot" especially good. Or, perhaps, you will prefer another. We will agree, I am sure, that it holds the audience spellbound to the author's prayerful epilogue: "Let me, gracious Hero of Calvary, move steadily through scene after scene to Your outstretched arms and the welcoming home-coming in the house of my Father and King."

J. J. N.

PHILOSOPHIES AND RELIGIONS

Religions of the Far East. *By George C. Ring, S.J.*, Milwaukee, Bruce 1950. $6.00.

Europe may well be the cockpit of the dreaded next World War. But one of the greatest stakes of this titanic struggle will be the Far East. To understand what is involved in that stake, we must grasp the significance of the philosophies and religions that have molded those peoples for so many centuries or even millenia. It is precisely here that Father Ring's book takes on a most timely interest. For he has interwoven both the political and spiritual histories of these peoples.

Starting with China's Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism in their historical settings, Father Ring takes us next to

Japan, where Shintoism, Confucianism and Buddhism vied with each other at times and blended at others. Perhaps the best section of the book is devoted to the tortuous intricacies of Indian philosophies and religions: Vedic, Brahmanic, Vedantic and Hindu on the one hand and Buddhism and Jainism on the other. It will be hard to find a clearer exposition of these systems anywhere. Masterful is the exposition and evaluation of Bhakti devotion in renascent Indian polytheism. The story of Islam and its truly remarkable spread in Asia and Africa brings the book to a close.

We are much indebted to Father Ring for this scholarly, exceptionally well-written book. Seminaries, universities and colleges needed just such a text as this. It ought to be a joy to chaplains of Newman Clubs, as it will offer to students, subjected to tendentious courses in comparative religion and philosophy, an excellent counteractant, based on a true interpretation of these various religions and philosophies.

If a student of religions might offer a few suggestions, they would be the following. The various Indian philosophies could be given more adequate treatment and the mutual influence of aboriginal and Aryan religions should be given more prominence, as Father Koppers, S.V.D., has done it in his recent book: *Der Urmensch und sein Weltbild.* Tibetan Lamaism, with its problems of the influence of Christianity, seems to demand consideration in connection with Buddhism. The new data, reported by Father Cieslik in the *N.R. de Science Missionaire* VI, 175-192, 256-272, on the instigation of the Japanese persecution of Christianity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will be of added interest today. Finally, Father Henninger, S.V.D., has studied and documented in great detail Mohammed's prodigious borrowings from both Christianity and Judaism. They are reported in the same periodical.

These suggestions should not be construed as criticisms of an outstanding book.

HUGH J. BIHLER, S.J.

INSUFFICIENTLY KNOWN

Red Letter Days. *By Joseph Christie, S.J., and William Lawson, S.J.* Burns Oates, 1950. 154 pp. 3s 6d

John is a World War II veteran. He resumes his studies at the University where he finds the philosophy of Communism and is captivated by the specious ideology. In the correspondence between John and his father, a recent convert to Catholicism, Father Christie and Father Lawson have presented a

compendious and competent treatment of the conflict between Communism and Catholicity. In this instance the choice of the epistolary form is a happy one. The reader sees with startling lucidity the cogency with which Communism marshals its arguments and the thoughtful reader realizes that such arguments are not to be refuted by a few stock aphorisms. Unfortunately the book has not received sufficient publicity in this country. It should be well known to any one wise enough to be concerned about the impact of Communistic ideas on intelligent men and women, Catholics included. We want more pens just like the pen of harried "dear old dad."

J. J. N.

JESUITS IN THE SOUTHWEST

Jesuit Beginnings in New Mexico, 1867-1882. *By Sr. M. Lilliana Owens, S.L.*, Revista Catolica Press, 1950, 176pp.

This eminently readable book should serve as an example for other studies in modern Jesuit history. The various lacunae in the history of the Assistancy need to be filled in, and the New Orleans Province has made an excellent start in this account of the Jesuits in the Southwest. The book opens with an essay that gives the complete details of the arrival of the Neapolitan exiles in Santa Fe, their success in retreats, missions and parish work, and their efforts to found colleges in Las Vegas and Morrison. Each detail is meticulously noted, various published secondary sources are corrected, and the research in the archives at St. Louis and Denver and the various diocesan and parish diaries and registers is made available. Two long documents make up the latter half of the book. One is an interesting account of the nine hundred mile trek of the Jesuits from Leavenworth to Santa Fe, and the survival of two Indian attacks. The other is a seventy page diary of the Mission from 1867 to 1875, giving many details of parish work in the cattle country.

Despite the stiff, formal prose of Sr. M. Lilliana, a considerable amount of the color of the post-bellum Southwest filters into the narrative. There are many human details about Archbishop John Lamy, who was the first Bishop of Santa Fe and the prototype of Willa Cather's famous Archbishop. There is the story of Donato Gasparri, S.J., who had himself appointed deputy sheriff just to order a divorced man who wanted to marry a Catholic to get out of Santa Fe or go to jail. There is an account of the efforts against cholera epidemics

when the priests and sisters proved their charity in many ways.

This year is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the *Revista Catolica Press* and the story of its early days is included in the narrative. Sr. M. Lilliana is a member of the Congregation of the Sisters of Loretto, whose early history is closely linked to the activities of the Society of Jesus in the Southwest.

This is the first monograph in a series entitled "Jesuit Studies—Southwest." There is a moving tribute to ninety-three years of Jesuit endeavor in New Mexico in a foreword by Archbishop Byrne of Santa Fe, and Dr. Carlos Castañeda, the distinguished Latin American historian, has written a florid introduction describing the missionary efforts of the early Spaniards who first brought the faith to the "Land of the Pueblos."

ALBERT J. LOOMIE, S.J.

AN EMBLEM BOOK

Partheneia Sacra. *By H. A.* Hand and Flower Press, Simnells, Aldington, Ashford, Kent, England, 1951. 63s.

Father Henry Hawkins, S.J., alias Brooke, was occupied with a rather serious game of hide-and-seek with pursuivants for some twenty-five years before his death at the Tertianship in Ghent on August 18, 1646. His preoccupations did not debar him from the apostolate of the pen, and in 1632 his "Partheneia Sacra" was published in Rouen under the pseudonym "H. A.". There is slight doubt on the subject of his authorship. The book itself merits our consideration for three reasons. It is a better than average book of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It certainly deserves a significant place in the history of ascetical literature in the English language. Finally, it is a splendid example of that form of literary composition known as an "Emblem Book." The "Emblem Books," which had a great popularity in the seventeenth century, were slide-lectures in book form. They were didactic in character and the text was closely linked with the numerous illustrations. The Jesuits made full use of this device and thus established a title to primacy in the field of visual education three hundred years ago. The title page gives a conspectus of the contents: "Partheneia Sacra or The Mysteriovs and Deliciovs Garden of the Sacred Parthenes; symbolically set forth and enriched with piovs devises and emblemes for the entertainment of devovt sovles; Contrived al to the honovr of the Incomparable Virgin Marie Mother of God; for the pleafure and devotion efpecially of the Parthenian Sodalitie of her Immaculate Conception."

J. J. N.

Jesus Christ: His Life, His Teaching, and His Work. *By Ferdinand Prat, S.J.* Translated From The Sixteenth French Edition. *By John J. Heenan, S.J.*, 2 Vols. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. Pp. xiv-560; xii-558.

In a very true sense, it is impossible to write the complete and perfect life of Christ. The Gospels do not supply the material for a biography, such as a modern historian might write of Napoleon or Lincoln, and besides, who can ever hope to fathom the "unsearchable riches" which lie hidden in the earthly life of the God-Man? Fr. Prat did not attempt the impossible, but, like all the Christographers who preceded him, he was content to emphasize a particular point of view.

Since he was an excellent theologian and an expert exegete, and moreover thoroughly acquainted with the geography and archaeology of Palestine, it is not surprising to find him telling us that his purpose was "to place the life of Christ in its historical and social milieu, to situate the events in time and space, to elucidate briefly the ideas and expressions, which seem obscure and really are so for us, because they reflect the customs and institutions of another age, or bear the impress of a foreign and strange language, to compare the narratives of the four Gospels so as to profit by the teaching which each one presents to us without forcing the narrative of one into another."

The work then is on the side of scholarship rather than of devotion. Fr. Prat omits all the practical reflections and moral considerations which are found in the more meditative lives of Christ. But the scholarship is never of the dry as dust variety. As we read, we cannot help saying with Cleophas and his friend: "Was not our heart aglow as He spoke to us?"

Fr. Prat writes for readers who have some knowledge of the Gospels and wish to acquire more. In the main text we are given the fascinating picture of Christ, Our Lord, His joys and sorrows, His conflicts and His triumphs, even His failures. Learned footnotes support and explain the interpretation which has been adopted, while the special notes at the end of each volume discuss the deeper and more controversial problems of archaeology, chronology and dogma.

With a scholar's passion for perfection, Fr. Prat always refused requests for permission to translate his work. After his death in 1938 Fr. Calès, S.J., added some corrections which had been suggested by various reviewers. It is this edition which Fr. Heenan has translated into a smooth, idiomatic English which is a delight to read.

It is a pleasure to recommend this book very highly to all of Ours. It will prove especially useful to religion classes and those giving retreats.

E. D. Sanders, S.J.